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NBI
114

NS,

HEART.

YATT.

...gs thou hast for flying!
...ripen and decay!
... life begins in dying:
... melt and pass away!

PRIVATE EDITION.

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PREFACE.

The verses in this collection were written to please myself; they are printed to please others. My opinion of their value is expressed in the following, quoted from a letter sent me by a friend:

"Dear Thad: You have power and much of the spirit of poetry: but your brain has been turned to other things, and the execution is not equal to the conception. Doubtless there is force in all these poems, but the '*labor limæ*' (work of the file)—as Horace says, is all important to the lasting success of such work. The balance-wheel is as necessary for a watch as the main-spring; and so is harmonizing of parts (versification and rhyme) to the effects one desires to produce in verse."

My friend is a man of letters—a poet and a preacher of the gospel. We were bosom companions in early boyhood. I knew I should get from him a candid criticism; and being at one time in doubt as to whether I had really ever written any poetry at all, I sent a sample of my wares to him with the above result. The state of mind that produces doubt in ones breast as to himself or his performances may be illustrated by Gulliver: a giant among pigmies and a pigmy among giants. Comparing my verses with ordinary stuff, I felt like a giant; but on reading Moore, Shelly and Byron I wanted to throw the trash into the fire.

The only thing in the criticism I take exception to, is the apparent assumption that they were written "to produce effects." A boiling tea-kettle don't sing to produce effects; the skylark don't sing to produce effects; and the frog don't croak to produce effects.

My purpose was always served to the degree that the verses spouted out the feelings of joy, hope, sorrow, despair, anger, or other passion welling up within me at the moment; or, if at any time I blew soap bubbles it was for my own amusement and their bursting gave me no pain. It is pleasant to look upon swimming colors even when they do burst. In the main, my interest and my pleasure ended where they began—in the doing.

INTRODUCTION—BOOK ONE.

After the criticism of my friend (quoted in the preface) it seems presumptuous in me to pose as the author of a poem under so ambitious a title as the one here chosen.

But in strictness it can hardly be called a poem, as is quite apparent from the gaps between the pieces, which were written at intervals. The stringing of them together under the heading here chosen was an afterthought.

But I by no means feel certain that they the less faithfully portray the passion. Flash-light pictures may not equal "studies"—but they reveal Nature.

Love is a thing of moods—extravagances—insanities. To a lover's eyes, Nature in all her aspects wears exaggerated forms. While under its hallucinations he sees nothing as it is; he either walks the clouds, or wanders through dark abysses—in heaven and hell by intermittent stages—loves and hates at the same moment—pours forth adulations and invectives almost in the same breath,—and wounds with the malice and perversity of a demon the heart in which his whole existence is centered, and which is at once his adoration and despair. Nothing is so inconsistent as love; nothing so hard to analyse and understand.

The antitheses between the pieces are not therefore as unnatural as they may seem to one whose love has been only a soft meandering stream, instead of mad rushing waters—cascades, whirlpools, and wild water-falls.

When my friend returned to me the verses I had sent him, I found pencilled on the back of Hymen's Gate the following: "*Thad; don't you think this comes near to swearing?*"

I daresay men and eels are pretty much the same in the way they look at things. If we could hear the frisky *un*-skinned eels on the fish-venders

stall talk to each other, we should hear them passing remarks on the ridiculous way their brothers going through the skinning process, were cutting up.

It is only skinned ells that know how to sympathize with one another.

"Don't you think this comes near to swearing?" My reply, had I made one, would have been, Yes—*only near!* "Execution not equal to conception!"—"Brain turned to other things!" Walt Whitman's "poet of the future," will be able when he comes to "*do it justice.*" "Is marriage a failure?" Is it anything else? Who can write its history? Who dare? The statistics of France, as I once read, give as the result of enquiries among its thirty-seven millions of inhabitants, only *nine* (9) happy couples! When I was in my teens, there was an old couple known to me who lived in a village on Long Island Sound, not far away from New York, who were able to say, "We have lived together fifty years, and *the first* cross word has yet to pass between us!" I never knew another.

A love that requires constant beating and making-up like a feather bed, isn't worth much, and don't constitute marriage.

SPRING.

Canto First.

I

The portals of my heart, oh, Love,
  Are opened wide to thee!—
Enter:—my queen:—my beautiful:—
  And reign with me.
This golden day is Love's sweet May;
  Her joyous holiday.

II

'Twixt thee and me, no land; no sea:—
  Nor time, nor distance intervene:—
No gaps:—no barriers between:—
  Enter! my Queen.—

III

Sweet love!—sweet dove!—
  My heart is all for thee.
Enter, and reign, and prove
  That thou art one with me.
Delay is pain:—Enter my queen, and reign!

IV

Fragrant as the apple tree,
  When it blossoms in the May;
So hath been thy love to me,
  My sweet:—this day.

V

Thorny paths are naught to me
On Life's way,
When my sweet, thy face I see :
When my sweet, I am with thee,
All,—all the day.

VI

Briars,—brakes,—and tangled maze :
Lonesome reaches,—lengthening ways ;
While with thee, but seem to be,
A dreamy haze :
Are to me but pleasant things,
While with thee my journeyings.

Canto Second.

I

The breath of my Love, to me,
Is the breath of the broad, deep sea.
No fragrance from the Isles of Spice :
No wafted scents from Paradise,
With thee compare.
Vast are the fields of Air :
Mighty the arching sky :
But naught, my sweet, my fair ;
Naught, to the radiance of thy deep, dark eye,
In which, entranced I lie !—

II

One smile of thine, to me, oh, Love, is heaven!
One love-glance from the deep of thy dark eyes,
Lights up my soul with glory, as the even
Is lit when sun's last radiance fills the skies.

III

Fair thou art to me Love, as the fairest Morning-glory:
Pure thou art to me Love, as the whiteness of an Angel's wing;
And my love for thee:
And thy love for me:
Alas! what but the old sad story,
Sad story and sweet of young Love's journeying:
Only a flower that lives and blooms
Along the pathway of our Spring.*

SUMMER.

CANTO THIRD.

I

What shall I bring to thee?
Tell me my love!
What shall I sing to thee
Whisper, my dove!
What shall I weave for thee
Out of the air or sea,
My heart to prove?

* As a rule early loves perish. Not one in a hundred marry the *first* love.

II

From the misty Milky Way
Golden fleece to thee I'll bring ;
Silver flock from where the Day
Finds the fountain of it's Spring ;
Woven into vestures fair ;
Dyed with colors of the air
Stolen from the Sun's decline,
Where he swoons in day divine.

III

Fabrics I will weave for thee
Fairer than a Peri's dream :
Warm with colors from the sea,
Where its living flowers gleam ;
Finer than the amber thread,
Spun to weave the Mermaid's bed :
All-sweet with perfumes from the Spring—
—Flowers of Heaven's own blossoming.

IV

Then into my soul, like a beaker for wine,
Press the fruit of Love's vintage, oh, sweetheart of mine :
And the flame of my passion, like stars o'er the sea,
In trembling pulsations shall stream into thee !

AUTUMN.

(Frosts and Falling Leaves.)

CANTO FOURTH.

I

To look upon the love-light in her eye;
The roses and the lilies in her cheek;
In dulcet tones to hear the fair one speak:
Who could believe so sweet a tongue could lie:
That all her honied words mean treachery!

II

An eye so soft; an eye so blue,
And lips full charged from Cupid's quiver:
With cheeks where tints of peach-like hue,
Seem made to live and bloom forever:
Oh, who could think that in her eye,
Lurk fraud, deceit, and treachery!

III

Fair as our sweet, first Mother:
Stately and full of grace:
An Eve in form and face;
'Twere difficult to find another,
With this, the Queen of Beauty to compare:
Her swan-like neck, and breasts,—(when bare;)
A sight to drive an anchorite to despair.

IV

The frail moth fluttered round this glowing
Bright Lamp of Loveliness,
As insects flit ;—unknowing
What burnings and distress,
Love-lamps do sometimes bring :
Nor dreamt Love's sweet seductive glare,
Infused with poison and despair :—
It's warmth portentous of Death's sting.

V

* And so the witless, floating insect sailed
Near and more near, the Love-lamp dear,
Till singed and scorched, its burnt wings failed ;
And then this bright, enticing Love-lamp paled :
And Love's alluring light
Died out in blackest night.

Canto Fifth.

(The Gap Widening.)

I

Go !—enjoy thy life of folly :
Leave me to my melancholy :
Leave me to myself alone
Till thy love I have outgrown :
Till my heart hath turned to stone !

* While doubts and suspicions are nebulous only, the lover deludes himself by pictures of his own state sketched in as third party.

II

What hath Life now left for me,
Since its light is quenched in thee !—
Since in thee have ceased to shine
Summer suns and stars divine :
Summer days in thee have fled :
Summer fruits in thee are dead :
Fruits,—flowers,—and days no longer mine !

III

Go then ;—leave me to despair !—
I shall wander ;—God knows where.
But my blessing ere thou goest
Take :—Alas ! too well thou knowest
That I cannot cease to care
For thee, here and everywhere !—

CANTO SIXTH.

(Darkness and Withered Leaves.)

I

For what was man's heart made ?—
Fool !—Man's heart was made to bleed.

II

For what the garden of man's heart made ?
Fool !—for Love's blighted seed.

III

For what man's memory made?
Fool!—a serpent sting,—to kill!

IV

For what man's hope made?—
Fool!—to tantalize man's will.

V

For what man's love made?—
Fool!—a Jonah's gourd,—for blight!—
Love cannot last—poor fool!—
No;—not for a night!—

VI

Ephemera-life is long:
It lasts for one whole day:
Love, is a Siren's song:—
Breath:—and,—to melt away!—

VII

Oh, give me to the Void again:
Back, to the sweet, sweet Night:
Back, where no heart is, and no pain:
Sink me, great God, from sight!

VIII

Out of all human memories;
Out of all being, into beingless:
Into thy Lethe of sweet forgetfulness:
From which Thy Incarnation* new, alone can bless!

*See Appendix; Note 8.

WINTER.

(The Green-Eyed Monster.)

CANTO SEVENTH.

I

Clasp the viper to thy heart !—
Let it sting !—let it sting !—
When thou feel'st the poisoned dart,
When thou hearest the sorceress sing,
'The deeper love, the more the smart : '—
'Love's bitter-sweet is love's true offering ; '

II

Then clasp again in mad embrace
The sweet, seductive charmer-snake :
Find for her the warmest place
In thy heart : thine idol make
Her still ; and worship, if thou wilt ;
Until thy last drop she hath spilt !

III

To doat upon a sweet deceiver :
To find one cannot help but love :
To know, while one cannot believe her,
That she hath power still to move
The soul to wild adoring passion
Even Scylla's rocks to dash on :
This !—this is madness :—but, love's fashion.

IV

Though stung and poisoned, still, I love her,*
Still must love through all life's seeming;
But soon; sweet soon!—the Earth shall cover
This sad heart, and stop its dreaming.

Canto Eighth.

(40° Below Zero.)

I

Beneath such snowy robes, alack;
Who could divine a heart so black!
Beneath such eyes, and saintly face so fair,
Who could believe such lurking devil's there!—

II

A voice so soft; so low, and sweet of tone,
It seems the warblings of a silver lute:
How can such voice belong to heart of stone;
Or wrapped within such loveliness, a brute!

III

Man has not very far to fall;
So low and beastly is *his* nature;
But woman, in whose mixture all
The virtues are; sweet, lovely creature;

* The madness and insanity of jealousy is the measure of love's intensity.

IV

Her fall, is that of fall divine :
A fall from Heaven's Celestial Orders,
Like that of Milton's Satan's nine
Days fall from th'Empyrean borders.

V

No more I worship at her shrine :
No more for me, "sweet, lovely woman ;"
All I have met were masks divine,
To cover souls the most inhuman.

VI

Then Fare thee well ;—thou worst and best :
Sweet, lovely creature, Fare thee well !—
If Heaven be *thy* place of rest ;—
I'll take *my* chances down in hell.—

CANTO NINTH.

(The Arctics.* Hymen's Gate.)

I

"Who enters here, leaves hope behind !"
Is written o'er the Gate of Hell :
So Danté sings ; but one may find
The same o'er Hymen's Gate as well ;
For none, save those accursed by Fate

*Heat and fire to the inhabitants of Arctic regions are pleasant things to contemplate; hence their hell is not a place of fire; but one of intense cold.

With blindness, enter Hymen's Gate.
Only the eyeless enter where
All paths, are pathways to despair.

II

In lurid words that blast and burn,
Is writ o'er Hymen's Gates of Hell,
Who enters here hath no return !—
Who enters here, bids heaven's blue urn,
And light, and life, and love, farewell !—
Only the eyeless enter, where
All paths are pathways to despair.

III

This Gateway entered; mortals go
To ever deepening hells below;
In bass re-lief o'er Hymen's Gate,
Is sculptured by the hand of Fate.
Within;—on blackened rocks, and bare;—
To right, to left, and everywhere,
The warning words ☞ No Thoroughfare
From these damned Regions of Despair ! !

BOOK TWO

THE BEAUTIFUL SKIES

AND

WHY GOD MADE HELL.

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THE BEAUTIFUL SKIES.

The marvellous sun-sets of 1883 will not be forgotten during this century. A description of one of them in the *N. Y. Tribune* compared the glowing, fading, and reappearance of the lovely colors to "the opening and shutting of a golden butterfly's wings on a bed of crimson poppies." A similie worthy of Tom Moore.

But I saw no notice taken of the glorious mornings; in some respects grander than the skies at sunset. It was my custom to rise an hour before day, while the blue dome was still glinting with its myriad flames that I might catch the very first and faintest of the colors ushering in the day, beginning always with the most delicate lemon which gradually deepened into orange as the floating clouds along the edge of the horizon took on successively their gorgeous hues; pink deepening into crimson and orange to gold, mingled and intermingled with irridescent hues of surpassing loveliness and splendor: pictures so wonderful as to leave no room for imagination or creative fancy. All I had to do, and all I could do, was simply to describe (or try to) the creative fancies of Nature spread out before my eyes.

DAWN.

I

I sing the advent of the sun ;
The gold-fields of the Eastern sky ;
Where liquid gold in rivers run :
Where solid gold in islands lie ;
And mists of pink, and mists of gray,
Fortell the coming of the day.

II

The dome of heaven an hour ago,
With sparks of flame was all aglow.
The moon, a disc of pearl and light
Upon the frontlet of the Night.
While constellations, full of eyes,
In gleaming glory, glanced and shone,
God's sleepless watchers in the skies,
Like those around His great White Throne.
But now,—of all those wondrous trains,
Not one faint star in heaven remains.

III

Beneath the pile of clouds that lie,
Banked up against the Eastern sky,
In-forming shapes the earth between ;
Where bands of gold with bands of green,
And spots of blue and pink are seen,

A gold-spout shoots a shaft of light,
Like rocket shot from ship at night;
A signal, sent to earth to say,
He comes! he comes! the God of Day.

IV

Like magic, grouping cloudlets now,
In form and beauty soft and sweet
As cherubs at Madonna's feet,
Weave chaplets for the Morning's brow;
To right and left the glories spread
In amber fields and prairies red,
And floating upward overhead,
The Advent of the day proclaim
In sheets of opal, gold and flame.

ANOTHER DAWN.

I

A crystal dome of crystal blue,
Bends down to kiss the lips of day,
Where foliate clouds of every hue,
In reefs, and capes, and headlands lay;
Or floating cirrus overhead
In metamorphic beauty spread;
Stretch far along the Eastern sky,
In lovely radiate shapes, that lie
Like coral flowers on ocean's bed.
Sweet shapes! sweet sights! oh, could they seem
But something better than a dream!

II

Before the eye, where Earth's shore crest
Lies round against the ether's breast,
Reefs, islets, capes, and headlands make
A lagoon here; and there a lake.
And now, a lovely, quiet bay
The pearl-like mists before me lay.
Land-locked, a yellow ocean lies
A brightening sheet before my eyes:
No ripple stirs its tranquil breast;
It looks a golden, frozen sea,
Where yellow ice-bergs far to lee,
In stately, quiet grandeur rest.
So smiles the sun, where wakes the Day:
Oh, would such smiles were mine for aye!—

SUN-SET.

I

Oh, who can tell what angel-eyes
Are watching o'er the dying day,
Where fairy landscapes limn the skies
With pink and pearl,—and gold and gray;
Entrancing shapes and tints, that seem
The drowsing day-God's mirage-dream.

II

What Beulah scenes in lights and shades!—
Sweet hilly slopes; sweet grassy glades!—
What glorious ruins in the air:
Baalbec here;—Palmyra there:

In color, and obscuro-clare :
Palms, pyramids, and colonnades !—

III

Illusion scenes that melt and change,
As slowly drift the clouds apart :—
Here looming up a Mountain range ;
There,—miracles of magic art ;—
What amber rock ! what reef ! what lake,
The bronzing, broken sun-rays make !—

IV

And now a fleece of golden hue,
Steals softly o'er a field of blue—
Where cloud and mist in wreaths and whirls
Seem plastic amber, tracery-pressed ;—
Or broken into ruby curls,
Transform to sea-shells all the West.

SKY-BONANZAS.

I

Some hunt for pockets in the ground
  Where gold and diamonds lie ;
But I a better find have found,
  Prospecting in the sky.

II

Last night my find was glorious :
  With rapture and surprise,
I struck a rich bonanza :
  Gold and silver in the skies.

III

Along the skirting edge of day,
Just at the sun's decline :
The clouds like mountain ranges lay,
With peaks that seemed divine.

IV

A molten disk of fire,
Slowly sank the setting sun ;
Its lustre spreading higher
Through the arches of the dun.

V

A sombre cloud before it,
Hid the blazing of its glow ;
But its radiance fell in splendor
On a cloud-sea far below.

VI

The dark and frowning mountain,
Bronzed with iron-gold, and gray,
Looked a giant at the portals
Of the Kingdom of the Day :
While stretched along its sloping base
An emerald basin lay.

VII

Blue and amber streaked the basin :
There were tints of roses too :
And sweet moss-agate islets
Gently floated in the blue :
While here and there a leafless tree
Along the mountain grew.

VIII

White lustered lodes of silver,
  Ran like ribbons o'er the crest
Of every towering mountain peak
  On which a ray could rest :
While massive golden nuggets ;
  Translucent golden nuggets ;
Every cleft, and gulch confessed,
  In the mountain's rifted breast :

IX

And a sea of golden glimmer ;
And a sea of silver shimmer,
  Made enchantment of the West :
Till the slowly fading twilight ;
  The softly melting twilight ;
Hid this Land of the Hesperides :
  These Gardens of the Blest !—

ONCE MORE.

I

Now mottled clouds like fretwork lie
Against the face of yonder heaven ;
A fairy net-work o'er the sky ;
Mosaics of the shades of even.
Beneath ; the mists in sombre green,
And dark ; like woods and lawns are seen.

II

Oh, wondrous dome of wondrous art,
Where Nature well performs her part :
What stage ; what scenes ; what mimic show
That man contrives on earth below,
With these, thy work, at all compare,
Where ground and color both are air !—

III

New scenes in transformations rise :
Chameleon colors in the skies !—
The mottled hues and dapple gray
And wondrous forms all passed away.
What splendor, now before my eyes !
What wealth of gold : what wealth of dyes !
In ever changing shapes arise :
Each one a rapture and surprise.

Scene-painters on the earth—attend !—
Behold ! and learn how colors blend !

IV

Flaming-opals in the West ;
Reefs of flaming-opal lying
Stretched along the earth's shore-crest,
Where the God of Day is dying ;
Where the sea and round earth lie
In th'embraces of the sky.

CRUSHED IDEALS.

I had in imagination planned out a real "*composition*": a rare thing; my verses in general composing me;—I had the idea of making a number of unlettered people describe the beautiful morning skies in verse successively;—and then, winding up with something grandiose of my own. —What was written, and how the poem came to grief will be understood from the abortion hereinunder.

Here is what Uncle Josh writes :—

I

You never see anything like it ;—
Sich a curious, wonderful sight ;
The skin of a yaller banana
Dont begin to look half so bright.

Cousin John describes it this way :—

II

It's the durndest thing I'm going to write ;—
The look of the Morning Sky :—
It was jest as yaller as the foot of a Kite :
And you need'nt think I lie.

III

I see it myself with my own two eyes
Jest as Sally begun her rings
Fur all to git up : me and she alone :—
It looked the color of roll brimstone,
Or little yaller butterflies' wings.

Bill Jones says :

IV

I watched it myself two hours ;
It war a beauty : and bright, and bran—
New as a carpet chock full of flowers,
When it comes home spick and span.

But the village poet, the Rev. Jabez Grindout, goes in for it, good and strong; and pans out his verses on this wise:—

V

The dome is ablaze and glowing,
With glory along its frieze,
Till you'd think the East agrowing
Yellow groves of Orange trees.—

VI

And the face of the sky is mellow,
With the softest and sweetest light
That ever was seen; and so yellow,
No ribbon was ever so bright.

VII

The marvelous tints of Tyre,
Would pale in its luminous glow:
And you wonder what can be on fire
Just over the down-below.

VIII

But it's only the Morning's Glory;
The light of the coming Sun:
The old, old get-up story,
When he wants a bit of fun.

IX

The gay old fellow is dressing
Himself in his Sunday-best;
Like a grave old priest confessing
In his gaudiest Sunday vest.

But here is the way I describe it :—

X

Oh, glorious East, of orient hue,
Where History and Time began :
Where Eden loves in Eden grew :
Where Paradise was made for man :

XI

Oh, glorious East ! sweet Orient clime !
Where all the Ages had their birth :
Where Nature cradled Man with Time ;
First-born of all the Earth !

XII

The regal splendor of this morn,
Was thine when days themselves were born ;
Thy regal splendor still to-day,
Where all but thee have passed away.

XIII

Thy pyramids are standing still
Thy Nile still flows ; thy——

At this unlucky moment a letter from my N. Y. lawyer, of a very exasperating character was brought in to me, which in an instant smashed every ideal for the moment in my brain, and set me raving for days ; I could think of nothing but objurgations for law, lawyers, and going to law : and found it utterly impossible to become again composed, until I sat down and gave vent to my feelings by writing.

WHY GOD MADE HELL.*

I

The puzzle to the wise men of every age and clime ;
Of every creed and nation ; of the people of all time :
And whether ancient heathen, or the ones of modern days :
As we find it in tradition, and in Homeric lays ;
Has been to know, how God above,
For those below; as He is Love :
Should ere have made, as legends tell,
And creeds proclaim ; a place called Hell.

This puzzle of the Ages : this riddle of all time,
I'll now explain ; and with refrain, will set it out in rhyme.

II

The road to hell is very smooth ; much like a chin smooth-shaven,
A sort of road McAdamized ; or better, a wood-paven ;
Sometimes its Folly ; sometimes lust, that drives the chariot downwards ;
But often Sorrow and Disgust, that drags it on and onwards.

The roads are various to this place ; but only one that's certain ;
On this that's known to never fail, I now will lift the curtain.

III

The tide of Time in man's affairs ; and taken late or soon,
Brings on by turns a noon of night : by turns a night of noon.
A prosperous voyage my life had been ; and gaily on the crest
Of white-capped waves, and bouncing seas, my sails stood out the best ;
And every one where'er I went,—cried, see the lucky man !—
What e'er he does, where'er he goes, Prospero leads the van !—

* See Appendix : Note 1.

IV

Then came a turn ; a sharp, short turn ; and thicker clouds than night ;
Eclipsed my sun ; obscured my moon ; and hid my stars from sight ;
My ships at sea ; my wealth on land ; struck by the dread cyclone,
All disappeared : then friends went too ; and then,—I stood alone.
Like Job of old, I found myself of earthly stays bereft :
Bad debts in thieving debtors hands, my only assets left.

V

In this sad plight, my things to dight, the Devil whispered—*law !*
I took the bait ;—but found too late, it was the Devil's claw ;—
Greener than greenest grass,—I said,—a lawyer I will see ;
For Law means justice, truth, and right ; (as lawyers all agree :)
So I hurried to the Temple ; by the quickest, shortest route,
And found my man ; a little prig, as short as he was stout.

With a sphinx-like, solemn face, he listened to my case ;
Then inflated all my hopes with a lawyer's subtle grace ;
But my lively hopes and grinning were confined to the beginning,
For the end revealed the fact that the lawyer gets the winning.

VI

Foresight belongs to none :—Experience lights the tail ;—
And the very time we need it most, the light is sure to fail :
But a drowning man, to save his life, will catch at any straw :
So I, to save my bacon, clutched the limbo of the law :
The worst mistake I ever made ; the very biggest blunder ;
For the way the lawyer helped me out,—was,—*by shoving me clean under !*—

VII

When first listening to my story he said my case was plain ;
The Law and Right were both with me : I couldn't help but gain ;
He'd take the case up ; see me through ; his every nerve would strain ;
And promised he would fight for me, with all his might and main ;

Then held his dexter for a fee, that staggered and quite startled me
But he affected to regard as nothing more than a baubee:
The merest trifle: and a very, very small "Retain."
But this in hand, I then could see, he had no further use for me;
Nor did he wish me to explain my knotty case to him again;
Nor longer with him then remain:
He had his "point;" that is,—his fee;—and knew my case from A to Z.

VIII

What I went for, to the lawyer, was to have him loose the pack
From off my shoulders; which he did:—by vaulting on my back!
Then Sinbad's wondrous story was all revealed to me;
For I was now the Sinbad, with my "Old Man of the sea."
His heels were always in my flanks: his cudgels made me sore;
His wants grew larger every day: demands were more and more:
To-day it was a hundred: to-morrow, swelled to two:
And so, between his wants and mine, I could hardly stagger through;
And to keep from going under, was as much as I could do.

IX

The history of my case can hardly be explained:
How my state grew worse and worse, every time the lawyer gained:
How the gaining of a suit was like hunting for a flea;
Where a favorable decision only meant a—"Referee:"
Where the "Reference,"—simply meant a "hearing," *now and then:*
And for every hearing had,—the "adjournments" counted ten.
Where it always was in order, the Referee to pay,
Not for his work alone, but also for his play.
Where the costs are always taxed inversely to the work:
And the cheek-ness of the taxed bills would shame a "turbaned Turk."
Where—I speak in sober earnest, with no hyperbole or lie:—
The charge is,—five and fourpence, when the lawyer winks his eye:—
Where,—when you think to square accounts and settle up your bill,
Octopus by his hundreth arm has gripped you tightly still.

He sends you *in extenso* an itemized account ;
Whereupon you draw your check for exactly the amount.
Your clerk performs his duty and posts it to the scamp :
Per return—" Six and eightpence more Sir ! with 2d. for the stamp."
With objurgations in variations, plus brimstone exclamations,
You post yourself in person, and demand the lawyers explanation,
Whereupon Octopus mildly answers,—" Sir you are my debtor still
For *my work* in signing the receipt for your check that paid the bill ! "

Where, as just shown, the complex thing known by the name of Law,
Simply means a cunning Monkey with a duffer for cat's paw ;
A sort of Punch and Judy, the ignorant to draw ;
Where for the raree show, a temple is erected
To a deity called Justice :—ever afterwards neglected ;—
Where the silly goddess that presides, wears a bandage on her snout
To show how very little she knows what she's about.

Where mistakes in Virtue's cause are punished as a crime ;
While Crime itself, as a mistake,—is let off all the time.

Where by rulings—(more like foolings :) Vice gets the widest range :
But Virtue is kicked out, like a dog that has the mange.

Where the red-dest kind of tape, and the silliest sort of quibbles
Can always be relied on to clear the meanest devils.

Where Philanthropos,* for his mistakes in valiant battle against Vice,
Gets nipped up by the bobbies, and locked up,—in a trice,

Where the wily, lustful serpent, however black his crime,
Gets the cuddling of the Courts, and goes scot free all the time.

Where Virtue tripped and snared, in the Courts is always cut-up,
And allowed no explanation ; but told her mouth to shut up.

Where the brazen, vile " procuress," with the widest sweep of gown,
Flaunts her hideous self at large, because—" the judge is out of town."

Where to sentence a wife-beater, a judge will hardly waste his breath,
Though the bruised and mangled creature has been beaten half to death

* Mr. Stead.

Where a weak and tottering father who gathers a few worthless sticks
To keep his little ones from freezing, gets the hardest legal kicks.

Where the brute who locks a child up in a cellar for a day,
For picking on his grounds a plum ; is let off right away.

Where the meshes of the law, are so weak, and yet so stout,
They always hold the honest in, but let the rascals out.

Where the oil-pots of the Past, with grimy smoke and blinking,
Are the lights that guide the judges, in their heavy thinking.

Where ignoring luring verities ; the issues of to-day ;
Old skeletons and mummies, are the gods to which they pray.

Where mists and smóky vapours form the atmosphere of light ;
And only those who enter wrong, are sure to come out right.

Where the witness in the box, Bible-sworn the truth to tell,
Is rat-terrier-ed to lie, like an asperated L !—

Where the questions put,—are very categorical and dry ;—
The framing and the putting being meant to make him lie.

Where, if he essays an explanation, it is called prevarication ;
And they tie him up with knots, no sailor could untie.
Where sworn to tell "the truth,"—"the whole," "and nothing but the truth."
His first attempt to do it, brings upon his head a ruth—
—Less banging and a clanging, of all the legal arms
Of warfare known to Courts, which upset him with alarms.
Where the badgered wretch may do his best and with honest conscience try
To get the truth out, but the lawyers twist him so, he tells the truth, a lie :
Which paraphrased in legal slang, is, giving witness "a black eye."

Where the rulings, are like shutters, made to barricade the light ;
And precedents,—like maces,—made to batter down the right :

Where "annise, mint, and cummin," with traditionary saws,
Are dealt out as the essence, and the spirit of the laws.

Where precedents with judges, in every legal fight
Stand in the legal heaven, higher than God, and Truth, and Right.
Where precedents are placards like warnings, on a fence,
To shame the Court and Jury from "committing" common-sense.

Where Precedent makes Practice a Procrustes' iron bed ;
The victim, when too short, is stretched ; too long, off goes his head :

Where Principles, like garments,—whether loose or closely knit ;
Are slipped on every case ; no matter how they fit.
The principle must be maintained ;—no matter how applied ;—
Though knaves go free, and honest men are stripped of all their hide.

Where Courts, are pastures ; Cases, cows ; and Lawyers, milking maids ;
And the blind-side of the judges, is always with the jades :
Where the suitors are hard-working chaps, as tough as Transvaal Boers,
At the bidding of the maidens, to run and do their chores :
Where the chief among their chores, without halt, or any bilking,
Is to drive the cows from pasture, for the maids to do the milking ;
One to meekly hold the horns ; the other hold the tail ;
While the tittering lawyer-maids fill their jolly milking pail.

X

From what I've now related, my case is almost stated ;
Though antecedently I said it could hardly be explained,
How my state grew worse and worse every time the lawyer gained :
The reason now is plain ;—it is because the only daw,
That a suitor ever gets or is possible at law,—
Always goes to fill the lawyer's greedy and rapacious maw ;
It is the oft repeated story, known to every body well,
Where the lawyers eat the oyster : the litigants,—the shell !—

With affairs in such a mess, it is easy now to guess
The next step in my progress, was,—to find myself *in Hell !*—

XI

It is of course to be expected, that at first I felt dejected:
As was the case with Sinbad, when let down by the ropes
To the bottom of his living tomb, and buried with his hopes.
But I was never good at whining, doing nothing, and repining;
Or losing heart and tripping, with eyes in constant drip ping with the mopes

I thought as I was in the fix, I might as well look round;
See whatever could be seen; find whatever could be found.
In the nature of the case I could only guess the place
About four thousand miles below the surface of the ground.
So, I said, I'll do or die; and bad, or good, I'll try
My luck, whatever happens, for a grand discovery;—
For the worst that can befall me here, will only be—*a fry!*—

XII

So I started off and travelled down a crooked, spooky lane,
On a road that wasn't gravelled; when I heard a cry of pain,
From a poor dejected creature; worn and haggard in each feature,
Whom I suddenly perceived in an adjacent plain.
Above his head, a sky quite red, and all convulsed and rending;
Whilst a fearful fiery shower, with mighty roar and power,
In sheets of flame, and burning hail, upon him was descending.
Approaching somewhat nearer, in order to see clearer,
I spoke at once and said, (with some anxiety and dread,)
Poor man! what is the matter? and why this flame and clatter?
And tell me, pray, (if ask I may;) what was it brought you here?
He answered rather gruff; in a seeming sort of huff;
But very promptly on the spot;—Sir! you see I'm rather hot;
And this is not the time, nor place, to make a story clear:
But I'll tell you my Profession, without the least digression;
When you'll comprehend my case, and the meaning of this place;
My history: its mystery: the flame storm and the knell:
On Earth, I was a Lawyer, Sir! *Now: I'm "practising"—in Hell!*—

XIII

Going on a little further ; in fact as far as I could go,
Without entering a passage, leading somewhere down below ;
I saw another creature, still worse in form and feature ;
And though the fogs were blinding, I could see that he was grinding
At a very curious mill ;—something like a whisky-still ;—
For it showed no sign of hopper, and he was grinding with no corn :
The wretched creature too, with neither hat nor shoe,
Appeared to be as naked, as he was when he was born ;
While beside him stood a monster, with a cudgel made of thorn.

Said I, your sad condition pains and fills me with affright :
What did you do ? what brought you here ?—let's have a little light.

I'm here, said he, but just two earth days, and one night ;
My story is not very long : I have not much to tell :
On Earth I was a lawyer : and like most of them,—*a "sell :"*
But I was thorough in my work ; did business like a Turk :
For Turks are men of common sense : they never stop for squealing,
Any more than does a killer when on the pig a-kneeling.
"Biz" with me was always biz :—with feeling never blent :
A lawyer's shop, is not the place for any sentiment :
No butcher when he's bleeding, heeds the suffering bleater's pleading :
And I wrung a human heart, as I rung my office bell.
I wrung it ; and I bled it ; and I did the bleeding well.
But, for the wringing and the bleeding I gave my clients there,
I must wring now, and bleed, in this Region of Despair :—
For the human hearts I ground on Earth so thoroughly and well,—
I am doomed now forever to grind my own—in Hell.

XIV

Here I turned to right and crossing lots, soon found another path ;
As winding as a serpent, and as narrow as a lath ;
Just like a thread, this pathway led adown a mountain side,

With scarce a ray of light my bewildered steps to guide ;
It is useless to dissemble, I was really all a-tremble :
With a horrid choky feeling ; and my senses almost reeling ;
The murky air was stifling : entangling vines about my feet ;
And a most oppressive feeling of accumulating heat :
With constant exhibitions of unaccountable weird faces,
Bursting suddenly from mist and fog in devilish grimaces
All around me, down the steep and stubby mountain side ;
With bats and owls in the air ; and serpents on the glide
About my steps : the path itself a thorn and briar serpent-beat.
A way so dark, dank, treacherous, and steep,
It filled me with affright : for just upon my right, lay a deep,
That kept me shaking ; for I feared a slip, and then a leap :
And a landing and a stranding in some frightful donjon keep ;
But by cautious, steady stepping ;—partly groping through the fog,
I reached at last the bottom ; a waste of marsh and bog.
But the road turned out an error, for it brought a " holy-terror : "
In the half revealing light, there burst upon my sight,
A slimy, fearful creature ; a hideous blood-green frog
Standing by me cheek by jowl ; stern and solemn as an owl :
And I started :—and I trembled like an aspen ; with affright ;—
But the bogey reassured me, as in mournful tones he said,
You needn't fear me stranger ! I am tolerably dead ;—
But I did, and spake him sweetly : the creature groaned and sighed
As he croaked, when I asked him, how long since he had died,
About three hundred years, I think it must be ; he replied.
And were you once a man said I : and of the human race,
Before you had the doleful luck to reach this dreadful place ?
If this be so, I'd like to know, and will listen while you tell.
You needn't listen long : little story and no song :
Said the frog in stunning accents, that rung like a gong ;
My trade on Earth was law ; I began it when quite young ;
Was noted for my slippery ways, and for my double tongue ;
But I practised my profession, as lawyers mostly do ;
I never missed a chance of putting in the biggest screw.

The form you see me in Sir : answers to my nature well :
On Earth I was a double-tongue : *I'm a double tongue in Hell !—*

XV

The croaking of the wretched frog : the marsh and all the bog
In some strange way, (as happens in our dreams,) now disappeared :
And in its place, a heavy mist ; or rather, a black fog,
Reminding me of London-town :—and when it slightly cleared,
I saw a sight that held me bound, and glued me fast with fear ;
I dared not shriek ; I could not stir ; although it was so near.
My eyes looked on a landscape, only to be seen in Hell.
A smitten plague-scourged city, where rotting corpses smell :
A solitude where reigns forever Night's Eternal noon :
An after-battle field, by the "sick light" of the pale moon :
An ocean petrified and every billow turned to stone :
Make no such solitude as this, of Hell's dread "Thermal zone,"
O'er which a constant sound-wave rolled, like a stifled moan.

Floating above, but near the ground, and bluish flame emitting
Beseeching eyes, like will-o-wisps, were hovering and flitting :

The forms to which the eyes belonged, were mostly hid from view,
By reason of the vapors, and the mists I saw them through ;
While here and there in fitful glow, shone now and then a spark,
Shedding light within short ranges, like glow-worms in the dark ;
Startling the sight by sudden view of ghosts, with silent tread,
And stealthy, gliding through the gloom, like ghouls among the dead.

I now heard whisperings quite clear, and almost in my ear
That said—this is the Lost-Soul Wilderness !—this lava bed ;
This ;—the Eternal Solitude where souls dwell each alone ;
Where good behavior counts not : where "leave tickets" are unknown :
Where prayers, and penitence, and tears, belong to Earth's lost years.
Where repentance comes too late : and vain all "restitution :"
Where the ever living death, means—ETERNAL RETRIBUTION !—

XVI

As at the bell in theatres, when the curtain or screen,
On rising, discloses quite a new and different scene,
So at this moment the heavy mists and gloomy vapors
All disappeared, leaving here and there some flickering tapers
Like dancing fire flies among strange heaps of curious stones,
That looked like human petrifactions: hands, feet, skulls, bones:
Confusedly intermingled with blocks of brimstone, and grains
Of giant gunpowder; so massive were they: the vast plains
(For so the dreary landscape seemed,) stretched broad to right and left
Within black mountains; as though these had been sunken and cleft
By earthquakes: making a sort of basin-like formation,
Large enough to hold the entire Chinese population.
In fact, had this deserving people been by one stroke slain,
Leaving their sweet carcasses for petrifactions, the plain
Could hardly have presented a different appearance:
Clavicles,—scapulas,—sternums,—femurs, with no clearance
Visible:—but the cellular, slaggy, lava-like formation
Proved their volcanic origin by the clearest indication.

The far off tops of the black mountains were high in the air
Leagues up perpendicular sides; ploughed, rifted, and laid bare
By lightnings infernal; tempest-heaped; convulsed; gullied and torn
By fire-torrents from sunk lakes of souls abandoned and forlorn.
Stenches intolerable; black vapors, and fearful howls
Issued from cone-peaked funnels, the seeming mouths of tunnels
Leading to the lake-region of lost souls, and Hell's bowels.

XVII

The great hollow at the centre of this desolate plain,
Looked a vast prairie fire when partly smothered by the rain:
The dread Judgment picture, sketched by John, in Revelations
Of the burning brimstone lake prepared for all the nations.
Above this lake of fire, stood a firmament of cloud;

To the souls beneath it, what to a corpus is a shroud,
Implying death: but of much wider signification;
For it stood at once, a mirror and a revelation:—
An arch of circumambient mist or fog: a dome-like screen
Of intermingled colors; fire-opal, amethyst, and green
Like chrysolite; a sort, of opalescent haze or mist,
Known in the vernacular below, as Hell's amethyst.

As ships at sea, and things on land, seem objects in the air,
Refracted by the mirage clouds from strata dense and rare;
So the dead below the screen upon this canopy were seen;
Not in earth, but symbol-form, that truly represented
The hopeless, helpless state of the damned and unrepented:
The changeless state of the unshriven; the lost and unforgiven.

XVIII

I saw an Octopus or Devil-fish on this Hell-sky
Distinctly represented: while underneath it lay
A creature, seemingly half man half monster;
I could scarcely say, in a region with so little day.

This Devil-fish symbolized the monster's soul
Or dominant, that in his Earth-life had control.

With some fear I ventured to draw near
The creature, to find how one like him, came here.
When did'st thou die, poor wretch; said I,
And this form, why?—do speak and tell!—

The monster thus to me did make reply:
I'll speak the truth Sir! here, we cannot lie
As was our wont on earth: it don't pay to try.

Before I came to this unhappy place,
I lived in London: in the year of grace
One thousand, five hundred ninety-nine.
Bacon I knew well: we used to dine

Together, at —— but I perceive you don't want history :
You are anxious only to find out the mystery
Of my strange shape : so,—in a word,—I'll tell.

On Earth I was a Lawyer ; and *of course*, "a devil-fish."
So in this shape with monsters fell, God now dooms me here to dwell,
And with them swim for ever this fire and brimstone Lake of Hell !

The Abysmals.

XIX

I now made for one of the tunnel-mouths in the side
Of the gullied mountains ; and by a swift glide and slide,
Soon reached the bottom ; only to be terrified,
And struck motionless by chilling fear ;
By petrifying sights and sounds that fell upon my ear.

I stood within the Abysmal Vault of Hell
And heard its hollow chambers ring with knell on knell ;
Great brimstone arches all about me ; and cathedral aisles,
That in the gloom seemed miles on miles
Running to deeper darkness :—spectres the whiles
Wandering through never-ending, ever lengthening polystyles.
Dim, dreary passages :—funereal arcades :—
Filled with eye-lustreless, disconsolate shades :—
On every hand, yawning abysses, and frightful precipices
O'er-hanging depths, the ever deep'ning gloom
Of which, were measures of the soul's doom
Within the ungauged limits of its illimitable tomb :
While from the depths,—the ever far-below,—
A diapason of lost souls, in sounds of woe
Expressionless in words :—
Sighs ;—moans ;—yells ;—groans ;—and mixed
With hideous merriment of devils :

Sardonic laughter : whilst to walls
Self-glowing in their blackness, were transfixed—

(*In Effigy :*)

Torn, bleeding, palpitating hearts :—symbolic sign
Of Law ! not "wrath eternal "—and "Divine :"
For the soul suffers what for itself the soul creates !—
The Hells the soul's creations, and the soul's estates !—

A sigh and shadow passed before me :
A trailing garment ; and a Name :
The garment opened ;—and ;—a skeleton !—
A coiled serpent and a flame
Where heart should be, but where heart was none ;
For out of this damned carcass heart had long since gone !—

What art thou, damned one ? Tell me what, and who ?
How camest thou here ? for what ? what did'st thou do ?

The hollow shade spake not its solitary woe :
The depths spake for it : from the depths below,
In cadences cavernous, swell on swell,
There came a sound united as of many voices
Poured into one ;—uprising from a well
Of infinite depth : sounds, that translated, spell :—
This Place God made for Lawyers !
And for Lawyers only,
Made He,—the Mighty One,—
These Lowest Deeps of Hell ! !

BOOK THREE

SONGS OF LOVE.

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I AM HELEN. WHERE IS TROY? *

A blind old Greek of Ancient days ;
In verses, termed "Homeric Lays ;"
Wrote what is called the Iliad ;
Just now the running, latest Fad.

HELEN. When Paris with me ran away,
And hid me in his dad's roof-tree ;
Whoever thought to see the day,
The world would make so much of me !

I.

The Gods of old as we are told,
In musty records men have written,
Were very apt just like ourselves,
With earthly beauties to be smitten.

II.

And ancient loves remain to-day
About the same, in strength of passion ;
The only difference, is, that men
Instead of Gods keep up the fashion.

III.

HOMER. But oh, dear me, to only see
What trouble Love gets people into :
(If we to Homer's book can pin to ;)
The wooden horse : the siege of Troy ;

* The title of a stirring poem by Miss Peacock ; published in the *Spectator*.

Helen,—and old Priam's boy :
Achilles,—and his funny heel ;
The only place where he could feel ;
What a story !—what a steal !—

IV

TROY. And what a war,—that Trojan war ;
Nothing in history that mates it,
Save Homer's epic that relates it :
Grand poem doubtless,—but a bore
To lazy boys made to translate it.

V

PARIS AND HELEN A mighty city brought to grief
Because of Priam's son ;—the thief !
A city's ruin and undoing,
All because of love-sick cooing ;
All because of woman's eyes :
A woman's pleading, violet eyes :
But Oh,—how full of craft and lies !

VI

PEACOCK. And now Miss Peacock : hear her cries :
"*I am Helen ! Where is Troy ?*"

HYATT. Gone, I guess, to the Old Boy ;
With Achilles and his crew :
Priam, and his roof-tree too ;
Paris, with his love,—"ya-hoo :"
Gone ; all gone to bug-a-du :—
Homer, Priam, Paris, Troy :
Gone ; all gone to the Old Boy !

HELEN IS TROY.*

I

Look not for Troy where the debris of ages,
Lies heaped o'er the graves of the heroes there slain ;
Every false heart where illicit love rages,
Repeats Troy and Helen again and again.
Heaven's love bartered for earth's base alloy
Makes Helens of false hearts—and
Helen is Troy !

II

The passion for other men's wives still engages
The sons of old Priam to-day as of yore :
They find in "*illicit*" the love that assuages ;
A craving like Death that forever cries more :
Heaven's love bartered for earth's base alloy,
Makes Helens of false hearts :—and,—
Helen is Troy !

III

If you really want Troy with its legends infernal,
Its Paris and Helen, and such kind of jokes ;
Just read up the pages of each morning journal ;
And there you'll get plenty of Troy and its folks.
Heaven's love bartered for earth's base alloy,
Makes Helens of false hearts ;—and,—
Helen is Troy !

* But for Helen, Troy would never have been known in history.

WHEN TIME WAS YOUNG.

I.

In ancient days when time was young,
And earth was in its glory,
When men were boys and angels sung
A lot of things in story :

II.

They used to sing that absence makes
The heart grow soft and tender ;
But those were days when Venus went
With Bacchus on a bender.

III.

When Pan with all the satyrs loved
To frolic and go Maying ;
And all the work that people had
To do,—was only playing.

IV.

Oh dear ! how jolly and how nice :
To spend one's time in frolic.
To lead a life of joyous ease,
So simple and bucolic.

V.

I wonder why this world was made ;
Or rather ;—why the Devil ?—
The fiend who first invented work
With all its train of evil.

VI

It's work,—the curse ;—that makes the strikes :
Lock-outs ; and trade-depression :
And all because of Adam's fall ;
The apple,—and—transgression.

VII

It's very strange :—I wonder why
Things are so beastly muddled
On this old earth ; where every thing
Is either—" fad "—or fuddled.

VIII

I wonder why our mother Eve
Should go so cracked on knowledge :
She might have known her boys would get
Their belly-full, at College.

IX

I wonder, too, why ever boys
Grow up and change to Misters ;
And then desert their proper own
For other fellows' sisters.

X

But most of all, I wonder why
Hearts ever were created ;
For then we may be very sure
The first pair had not mated.
And then " the fall,'—" the curse "—and all ;
Would never have been fated.

XI

But this was not ordained to be ;
So Adam, he got married :
This had to be so, or the world
Had totally miscarried.

XII

The beasts were made to go in pairs :
The birds too ; and the fishes :
All made for Love's bewitching snares :
Love ! love ! The wish of wishes.

HEARTS VERSUS GOLD.

I

The sea-gulls wheel about the cliffs ;
The winds are in commotion :
The white caps leap and dance along
The surges of the ocean.

II

A tidy craft with sails all spread
Goes bounding o'er its billows,
Where clouds are lowering overhead
Sombre as weeping willows.

III

A blue-eyed youth upon her deck,
In pensive thought stands musing ;
For with the fading island-speck
A sweetheart he is losing.

IV

But happy fancies in his brain,
Dispel the transient sorrow :
He sees beyond the swelling main,
A golden bright to-morrow.

V

The fleeting years he counts but days
With Fortune sure to find him :
And ne'er suspects that Fancy's rays
Can ever fool or blind him.

VI

The sorrowing maid with tearful eyes,
Looks on the wild seas foaming,
And scans with fear the threat'ning skies
That lower with the gloaming.

VII

Then turns to hide her love-lorn eyes
And seeks her lonely pillow :
To only dream of angry skies ;
Her lover on the billow.

VIII

The weary days are now too long :
Too short the night-hours breaking ;
The blue-eyed boy she clasps in dreams,
Evanishes with waking.

IX

Oh, blue-eyed boy, come back ; come back !
Save one true heart from dying :
The El Dorados of the Earth,
Against a true heart are not worth
One moment of its sighing.

HOW SPIRITS MAKE LOVE.

(SHE.)

I *

Press thy burning lips to mine Love,
As my lips are pressed to thine.
Lips that burn as ours burn Love,
Only burn with love divine.
Press then !—press thy lips to mine !—

II

Press thy throbbing heart to mine Love,
As my heart is pressed to thine :—
Hearts that throb as ours throb Love,
Only throb with love divine.
Press then !—press thy heart to mine !

*I was awakened at midnight from a dreamless slumber by the words of this first verse that came pouring through my brain "like a rushing mighty wind ;" and as I came into consciousness I awoke with the distinct feeling of an unseen presence almost resting upon me.

(He.)

III

Never Seraph at the portal
Leading to the Gates Immortal,
Fairer shone, nor fairer shine,
Than thee, sweet-lipped Maid of mine!
Never beauty more benign:
Never vision so Elysian:
Lips and eyes and heart divine:
Press them all then,—Love;—to mine!

IV

Ambient halos float around thee,
With an effluence divine:
Like to perfumed auræ rising
From the Gods' celestial wine:
Starry spheres and constellations
Round my love, in glory shine.

V

Phosphor's golden radiance stolen
From the Day-god's last decline,
Hath no nimbus so divine,
As the coronals that shine
Lambent round thee,—Maid of Mine!—

VI

Like to gleams of burnished lances,
Are the flashings of thy glances.
In their gleaming;—senses dreaming,—

My soul trances !—
In the witchery of thy face :
In thy holy, pure embrace ;
Lost to me are Time and Space :
And thy magic spell to bind me,
Makes this Heaven,—where I find thee !—

MY POLLY.*

I

I took her for an Angel
Without the Angel's wings ;
She took me for my cash, and stock :
And sundry other things.

II

I married her for love ;
She married me for money :
I called sweet Pol my turtle-dove :
She called me, clover-honey.

III

Like maple sap when boiling,
Pol all the time grew sweeter ;
Until at last, I loved her so,
I vow, I wished to eat her.

* The most biting and bitter sarcasm on married life are the little funny scraps constantly floating in the journals of the day, such as the fellow who during the first six weeks after marriage loved his wife so much he wanted to eat her ; and ever after regretted that he hadn't done it !—and the old woman's complaint to her husband that now he said "take your old hoofs away :" whereas it once was "put your little tootsy footsies close to mine and let me warm them for you !"—"My Polly" is a fair sketch of tens of thousands of "happy couples."—

IV

If I had only done it,
In this hey-day of marriage,
I never should have thought the hearse
The jolliest kind of carriage.

V

Love stuck like "Taurus gum,"
Till every "red" was spent:
And then we both discovered
What the "bands of Hymen" meant.

VI

Our summer changed to winter
Without a touch of Fall:
The gauge of love's thermometer
Dropped down into the ball.

VII

I told her she "mought" go:
She invited me to "pack;"
Then we had a raal Nor'-Wester;
And she gin me lots of slack.
(Most women I may here obsarve
Are gifted with this knack:)
Then we compromised and made it up;
But sleep now,—back to back.

VIII

This is not very cosy;
The nights are awful cold:

But Polly is not rosy,
As in the days of old.

IX

She used to be a warmer
In the very coldest weather ;
When love was at its climax,
And we snuggled up together.

X

But her little "tootsie footsies"
Now, don't look to me so small,
As on the night when first we met,
And tripped it at the ball.

XI

She's snarly now, and calls me cross,
If I happen just to say,
I'd thank you kindly Mistress Hoss
Turn your hoofs the other way!

XII

And so we rough and tumble
Through the night, with lots of slack,
In a caterwaul and grumble
Till we're snoring back to back.

XIII

She thought to be a widder
When she glued herself to me ;
But it warnt good kalkerlation :
Death and I don't jest agree.

XIV

The carriages don't suit me,
In which dead people ride.
The houses where dead people live
Are awful cold inside.

XV

Their beds are not spring-mattresses ;
I should'nt like to sleep
All night and day and all the time
Where weeping-willows weep.

XVI

What I like is air and sunshine :
Brilliant skies of crystal blue :
The perfume of the flowers
Blushing in the morning hours
Amid diamonds of dew.
All on earth that's bright and fair
Where the living people are.

XVII

So you see it warn't the thing
For Miss Pol to kalkerlate
That in slipping on the ring
And tying to a mate,
She " mought " shortly wear the weeds
And be mourning of her loss :
The likes of this sometimes succeeds,
But not with this " Old Hoss ! "—

XVIII

And yet 'tis very true,
That I am often blue ;
And life looks very dreary ;
And I confess I do
At times get very weary
Of a never ending strife ;
Of a MARRIAGE :—and,—*no wife !*

XIX

And I frankly do confess,
There are moments of distress
When I find real happiness
In thinking of dead faces ;
And of church-yards as nice places :
When Death himself looks jolly,
With no tinge of melancholy :

XX

When tranquil, dreamy Greenwood seems
In beauty, more than Eden fair ;
For then ; in more than Eden-dreams ;—
I see my Polly sleeping there !—

AFTER THE CAUDLE LECTURE.

WOMEN.

I

I wish I had never seen one :
I wish Adam had kept Eve in-

Side his durned old carcass ;
For then there had been no sin ;
No eating of the apple ; no tempting by the devil ;
No loss of Paradise with its dark train of evil.

II

It was her "gitten" out, that "done it" :
Everything was lovely and bright
In the Garden when Adam run it
Alone ; and all went right.

III

But the minute that critter got loose,
And stepped out from Adam's side,
He found to his cost that a Wo-man
Was his newly begotten bride.

IV

Nothing went right in Eden
After Miss Eve was born.
It didn't take long for that maiden
To make her husband forlorn.

V

He very soon lost his garden,
His quiet and peace of mind ;
And was driven forth to wander
House hunting and grub to find.

VI

And a durned hard time he had, too ;
It was then—"root hog,—or die !"

For he had'nt a soul to help him,
Whatever he might try.

VII

His help-meet turned a mill-stone
And hung around his neck,
To drag him under the water,
Now his vessel went a-wreck.

VIII

And the same old story to-day
Can by every Adam be told ;
The curse of man's Eden, is *Wo-man!*
Just as it was of old.

RECONCILED.

When on returning wing
Like swallows in the spring
Love seeks anew its long deserted nest.
Joys chirp within the breast,
Dead hopes arise and sing
And sick hearts once again find balm and rest.
Old vows revived are plighted ;
Two severed hearts united :
Old sins confessed :
Old wrongs redressed ;
And souls long blighted
Restored once more to life are once more blessed.

LOVE'S PHANTASIES.

In the early blush of the morning bright,
While clouds are reddening in day's first dawn :
Gliding on tip-toe soft and light
As zephyrs float o'er the dewy lawn ;
He steals for a look ; one ravishing sight
Of the girl he kissed in his dreams last night ;
He steals to the chamber where she lies sleeping :
Tears on her eyelids !—she has been weeping !
Ah ! never a rose on this earth yet born,
Without its worm ; and without its thorn !

WE MEET BUT ONCE.

Long hath been my wintry way and weary :
Dark the waters of thy troubled sea :
On the mountains ; through the forests dreary ;
All the day Love,—I have sought for thee !
Now, amid this wildness, I behold thee :—
Here, amid these shadows, I enfold thee :
Lake and wood, and sun, and stream discover,
Mateless heart hath found its mateless lover.
Ah ! sweet but sorrowing meeting ;
Ah ! sad and tearful greeting :—
Another shadow on thy shaded way :
A deeper darkness on my sunless day :—
By the still waters of this sullen river,
We meet but once ;—embrace :—and part forever !

ONE SWEET STAR.

In the depth of my blue heaven yonder
One sweet star is set.
But the distance measureless
It hath not yet
Been given me to pass ; nor yet
The grace of patience here to rest
And wait. The starry Blest
Will doubtless come to me
In God's own time : till then
Bathed in Love's agony ;—amid the haunts of men
I wander lone and sad,
Watching Life's hours for the glad
Last waiting one to come :—
Till then, my soul ;—be patient ;—and,—be dumb !

BOOK FOUR

SONGS OF SKIES

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IN THE WEST.

The God of day once more hath dressed
The glorious chambers of the West,
His grand pavilion of the skies.
With hues that shame the Tyrian dyes :
Cloud-crystals in the crisp blue air :
And frost-work floating everywhere :—
While ruby tints, with amber, spread
Their glories o'er the monarch's bed.

God-pictures of that peaceful shore,
Where rest the just, when Life is o'er !—

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

What scenes a painter's atelier,
And poet's brain ; to fill and fire :—
But who of mortal birth would dare
A task—(to seraphs, a despair :)
To fix the beauties of a sky,
That only live that they may die :
That only live while they expire !—

What flaming tints of blue, and green,
And crimson, on the vault are seen :
Great Nature's pallet of the skies
Where floating gold and silver sheen,
In dreamy, fairy forms, are seen
In lovely phantasies to rise
O'er all the Light-fields of the skies !

MY FLYING BOAT.

I

I jumped in my flying boat last night
And went up to see the stars:
And the Milky Way, through its foam of light,
I passed,—and Orion's bars.

II

I followed along in the fiery track
Of a comet I met on the way;
Till I found a chance on a meteor's back
That was out in the blue at play,
To fasten my flying boat, and then,—
Away! flying boat; away!—

III

Up, up through the ether; away through the night;
Away, flying boat, away!
Up, up through the arches of liquid light,
Through the spreading fields of the spreading night,
To the Gates of the Golden Day!—

IV

Up, up through the fields of the spreading night,
Up, up, flying boat away!—
Nor tire, nor stop in thy heavenward flight,
Till the last star-sun is lost to sight,
In the dusky folds of the dusky night;
Till thou findest the Fiery Fount of Light,
The Source of Eternal Day!—

KANSAS SKIES.*

I

A dream-land rises in the distant West:
Empires in clouds: the kingdoms of the Blest;—
Islands, and capes, and continents they lie,
Flecked o'er with rainbow tints, and floating in the sky.

II

In stately splendor,—or in soft repose,—
The tinted clouds in constant change disclose
In opening vistas as the scenes arise,
An Eden-skirting, fringing all the skies.

III

Each moment sees a new creation made;—
The latest, lovelier than the lingering shade;—
Vast magic plains eclipse Aladdin's dream
With wondrous kohinoors, and jewels all agleam.

IV

Beyond; against the far-off bend of heaven,
A range of mountains through the broken mist:—
Aslant the skies the fading hues of Even
Burnish their slopes with gold and amethyst:
While flaming-opals light the vales between,
Where angel forms amid the glades are seen.

* This poem is an attempt to describe a sunset witnessed by me in Kansas the year preceding the Famine, when with General Pomeroy and Judge Arny, I made a 25 days' journey over the prairies to investigate the condition of the settlers and learn their prospects.

V

Dissolving views of Nature ! Magic show,—
Where the round sun, in sinking from the sight,
Robs Earth of flame, to set the heavens aglow,
And turns the glory of our day to night.

VI

TWILIGHT.

Slow change the clouds as slowly dies the day ;
Vales, magic plains, and mountains melt away :
Rubies and pearls have turned to gray and mist,
With opals, sapphires, gold and amethyst.

VII

And now in turn these sombre clouds allure ;
Thebes and Palmyra in the clare obscure !—
Sphinxes, and obelisks, and pyramids : a zone
Of broken columns ; and an Ibis lone.

VIII

Now giant shapes on every hand arise :
Grim Titans hurl defiance at the skies,
There Neptune's dolphined chariot rides the seas ;
While here Æolus floats upon the breeze.

IX

So day declines ; so night draws on apace :
Thus Night and Day alternate in the race ;
And now the Day is dead : the clouds dissolve from sight :
All hail the Empire of transcendent Night !—

X

NIGHT.

Oh, Night: Victorious Night; triumphant Night:
Oh Night Imperial, what an Empire thine!—
Empire of blazing Islands; each, a world!—
Oh Night! enticing Night! alluring Night!
Sweet Night of buds and aromatic dews:
Soft, soothing, chastening Night; I lie entranced
Upon thy breast, and press my lips to thine!

BOOK FIVE

SONGS OF CHEER AND MIRTH.

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OCTOBER.

I

A bright and crispy Morning :
  Strength and joy are in the air :
The cocks are crowing lustily,
  And life is everywhere.

II

The spotted hounds with tails upturned,
  Go bounding here and there :
The sun :—a ball of fire in-urned :—
  And life is everywhere.

III

I feel the freshness of my youth :
  The world looks bright and fair ;
The trees are in their Sunday-clothes ;
  For life is everywhere.

IV

Oh, if Octobers made the year,
  Our days were on the square :
We'd kiss the Hopes, and kick the Fears,
  And never think of shedding tears,
    Where Life is in the Air !—

GET UP!

I

Visions of Night; farewell!—
Fairies and fiends, begone!—
The break-up Dreams of the get-up bell,
Announce the approach of morn:
And the chorus-notes of the cocks all tell
That light has begun to dawn.

II

The sky-sea East, grows red,
With ruby streaks of day;
The sleepy stars, now gone to bed,
Are out of the Boss-light's way.
His forks of flame I see,
A glory in the sky;
Where rainbow tints of lovely hue;
Orange, emerald, crimson, blue,
On the face of the morning lie.

III

But I sometimes wish that durned old bell
And the girl that rings it were both in ——
Some better business than trying to shake up
Sleepy-head people who don't want to wake up.

"MANIFESTATIONS."

I

Hark!—a rustling in the wall:—
Hark!—a humming in the air:—
Humming, drumming, strumming,—
All about,—the deuce knows where.

II

Now its rapping at the window;
Now its rapping on my chair;
Now its rapping; lightly tapping;
Softly tapping over there!

III

MEDIUM. There!—I feel him: yes, and see him I declare:
Oh, the frisky little spirit, how he's whisking through the air!

IV

Where? my pretty spirit-medium:—
Quickly!—tell me quickly; where?

V

MEDIUM. There!—you stupid! can't you see him?
Look you quick! he's over there.

VI

Ah, yes! I see him clearly now;—
I see him;—*in my eye!*—
I'll spear him with this ray of light
And hang him up to dry:
I'll get a spirit museum up
I'm thinking; by and by.

VII

MEDIUM. If you think so Mr. Good-Sir,
Keep on I pray and try:—
I wish you luck; and hope you may:
But don't you *shut your eye!*

A SONG OF TEA.

I

I sing the song of Tea
Inspiring Old Bohea:
A scentling song of sweet Oolong;
Oolong from o'er the sea.

II

God bless the Land of Tea!—
Souchong; Oolong; Bohea;
A thousand fold; with Hyson Old;
And Young;—and—Looftoochea.

III

I love the song of steam,
Its hissing and its scream,
(When it steams and screams Bohea :)
Chimes in the evening air ;
Muezzins call to prayer :—
But specially—"over there "—
The gong that calls to tea.

IV

Sweet is the moon's soft gleam ;
The stars and curls of steam ;
(When curling from good Bohea :)
And tales of distant climes,
Peoples and ancient times ;
(When all of them tell of tea.)

V

Hail ! all hail then, land of tea !
Land of pig-tails and Bohea ;
Land of learned Mandarins :
Little feet and swollen shins :
Flowing robes and solemn grins ;
Antiquated creeds and sins ;
Flowery Land beyond the sea !

VI

Land ! Oh, no : not Land for me !—
With thy roasted pups and rats ;
Crawling, creeping things, and cats ;
Lateen sails : umbrella hats :
Flowery Land beyond the sea :

VII

Land! Oh, no: not Land for me!—
Be thy cookery all to thee:
Be thy creeds and mummery:
Dynasties and ancient learning:
Rutted paths that have no turning:
Keep them Land beyond the sea!
Keep them all!—but—*give us Tea!*

A HUNDRED A YEAR.

To think of possessing a Hundred a year!
What couldn't we do if it only were true?—
What bread and what butter; what beefsteak and beer!—
Why only the thought of it makes me feel queer.
What a nice little cottage: what elegant pottage:
What pigs, and what poultry Oh Molly, my dear;
How rich we should feel on a Hundred a year!—
And what good we might do, if it only were true:

I wonder we don't have a Hundred a Year!—
Just look at the people with plenty to spare,
Who think it a labor to comb their own hair:
Who sit up in the night, and lie down in the day:
And think *they* were born to do nothing but play,
And frolic their lives out from May unto May;
While we,—if *we* had but a Hundred a year,
Would always feel sure when we gave to the poor,
That enough would be left us for bread, and for beer.
My gracious, how jolly! don't you think it would Molly?—
To know and feel sure of a Hundred a Year?—

"ROOT HOG; OR DIE."

I

Both man and beast with Nature's laws
Must faithfully comply.
The law for men and other hogs,
Is,—"root hog—or die."

II

This law asserts supremacy
With man's first baby cry:
The infant tugging at the breast,
Says—"root hog—or die."

III

When grown to boyhood,—and to school
Is sent, and don't half try;
He soon finds out that he can't fool
With—"root hog—or die."

IV

Apprenticed to a trade,—he learns
With heavy heart and sigh;
That what it means, and all it means,
Is;—"root hog—or die."

V

To manhood grown; he still finds out,
Whatever he may try;

That human hogs make all of life,
A—"root hog—or die."

VI

Old Cromwell, when he charged his men
To keep their powder dry:
Knew very well that—"trust in God"
Means—"root hog—or die."

VII

The politician on the make;
With Congress in his eye:
Finds mighty soon, it's no clam-bake;
But—"root hog—or die."

VIII

The gas-bag orators, whose pipes
Screech of "hard times;"—and why:
Had better tell the truth, and say;
It's—"root hog—or die."

IX

Utopians and Anarchists
Though cherry-sweet they lie:
Are bound to come to grief, because
It's—"root hog—or die."

X

So when a fellow courts a girl;
With rivals on the sly:

He finds out too, before he's through,
Its—"root hog—or die."

XI

And when he wins his girl, and gets
The ministerial tie :
He finds the same old story still ;
It's—"root hog—or die."

XII

For soon the chicks begin to come :
(Of course, they can't tell why ;)
And then,—"you bet"—they both find out :
It's—"Root Hog—or die."

HELP YOURSELF.

I

Wine for the weary, water for the strong :
Keep your courage up, lads ;
Fight it right along.
Never mind the pieces ; leave them on the ground :
Spilt milk can't be gathered ;
Jugs are always found.
It don't help ;—your crying ;—your sobbing,—and your sighing ;
And what's the use of dying
For a penny ;—or a pound.

II

Wine for the weary :—water for the strong ·
All the days ar'nt dreary :

None of them for long.
Brighter days to-morrow ;—never mind to-day :
Don't try to borrow December into May.
It's the meanest kind of debt :
Keeps you always in a fret ;
With the Devil too—" to pay."

III

Wine for the weary :—water for the strong :
Take it rough ; and cheery :
Push, and fight along.
Keep your courage up ; don't be in the wrong.
Nothing need be dreary,
Where the heart is cheery :
Heart and soul are strong.

IV

Then shake away your sorrow :
Tell Care to come to-morrow :
To-day we'll have a song.
There's nothing gained by fretting ;
By fuming and by sweating :
It is better to be getting
Heart and hope to push along.

V

The weak and chicken-hearted,
Will be laid upon the shelf :
God does nothing for the chicken,
That wont try to help itself.

BOOK SIX

SONGS OF DESPONDENCY.

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THE LAST.*

I

Weary traveller here am I,—of a goodly companie
The weakest and the last :
Years agone on life's highway ;—happy, gleesome, blithe and gay,
(Oh, the long, long Past !)
We this little company commenced Life's little day.

II

Brothers, sisters all, were we,—this youthful, gleesome companie,
Set out on Life's highway.
Soon the skies were overcast :
Soon the happy valley passed :
Darker, colder blew the day,—steeper, rougher grew the way ;—
Smaller grew our companie
Till at last we were but three.

III

On we toiled and struggled still ;—steeper, rougher, rose the hill ;
Wilder—colder, blew the day ;
Tangled more and more the way :
Scudding clouds as black as night ; sleet and mist and blinded sight :
So the darkness blacker grew ; and the travellers now were two.

IV

Hand in hand and struggling still, on we journeyed up the hill ;
All in all to one another,
Brother clinging unto brother ;

* Lines written on the death of the last of my family.

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Seeing in the distance passed, and the long, long day's decline,
Tokens of a rest at last in a better day divine.
But the day—now nearly done,
Finds the travellers—*only one!*

V

Weary traveller here am I
Last of this good companie:
Travelling still and toiling on towards the setting, sinking sun,
Mid the shadows of the West, where the loved have gone to rest;
And where soon with them shall I
Once more join our companie.

LABRADOR.

I

The stars in my blue that shone
With youth's entrancing light,
Have faded and vanished one by one
Till all are lost to sight,
In the blinding mists that Arctic blasts
Have blown from the realms of Night.

II

League upon league I have sailed away,
From Childhood's frolicsome, laughing shore:
Sailing and sailing for many a day,
O'er emerald waters white with spray,
Where billow and breeze and sunbeam play;
Floating from Child-land more and more:

Young life's Dreamland ever in quest :
Life's young dream,—the Isles of the Blest :
Ever receding farther West :
My barque drifting towards Labrador.

III

Drifting pole-wards through Arctic Zones,
Away from Boyhood's Emerald deep :
Its fleet of butterfly-sails outspread :
Rainbow canopies overhead :
Where Pleasure's Zephyrs only sweep.

IV

Of all in life I have loved, bereft :
Of all that we prize, and all we boast,
Nothing to-day to me is left,
But a bleak and barren Spitzbergen coast.

V

Mountains of ice in fathoms below :
Mountains of towering ice they stand :
Islands of floating, drifting floe ;
Ice !—ice on every hand :
Ice for the billowy ocean :
Ice, for the solid land.

VI

Above me an Arctic sky ;
Around me a Polar sea ;
And yet —— they ask me *why*
This world,—is nothing to me !

WHAT'S THE USE?

I.

My heart is growing weary.
  Weary of the strife:
Everything looks dreary
  In this wretched life.

II

  Labor is but sorrow;
  Effort, only pain:
  Every new to-morrow,
  An old agony again.

III

What's the use of doing?
  Everything is wrong.
The best we are pursuing,
  But an idle song.

IV

Here—cheating is respected:
Here—honesty, is "mean":
  The outside of the platter
All that need be clean.

V

If this be Life,—and living :
Time—the boundary of all :
It were not worth the giving ;
Better not have been at all.

VI

Better far have been an insect ;
Joyous,—frolicsome, and gay :
With at least the certain pleasure
Of one bright and happy day.

MELANCHOLY.

I

Once my voice was loud and clear,
I was singing all the year :
Never lamb or colt so jolly :
Now my soul is filled with fears ;
Nothing lightens,—nothing cheers ;
I am full of melancholy :
Always,—always melancholy.

II

Once I cared for only funning ;
I was full and over-running :
Full of merriment and laughter ;
Full of mischief ; always after
Something fresh, and full of folly.

But that day, long passed away
With its trifling, larks, and play,
Has left me only melancholy :
Only,—only melancholy.

III

Where to go,—or what to do,
Flagging spirits to renew,
Matters little now to me :
I am old,—and I am weak ;—
The cork is lost ;—my life's champagne
Foamed out, cannot get in again :—
So matters not ;—or black,—or blue ;
Or whether dull, or whether jolly ;
Little difference that I see :
All about the same to me ;
Life itself is only folly :
Death,—the cure for melancholy.

OH, WHY DO FLOWERS FADE?

I

Oh, why do flowers fade,
And waste themselves in air :
Divinest forms of beauty made
To perish everywhere.

II

Why Love and Hope and Song
Respire the air of death ;
The sweetest notes on beauty's tongue
But frost-work of her breath.

III

Oh, why do all things fade?
Why are we born to die?
Ask of the rainbows why not made
Eternal in the sky.

IV

Ask of the beacon-lights,
That flame from heaven's blue wall,
Why from their crystal heights
They never fade nor fall.

V

Life is illusion.—Time and space a screen
On which play shadows of what once hath been.*
Old lives once led;
Old loves once dead:
Goals missed or won; and might-bes that have fled;
Ages transfigured, on Life's curtain fall:
The Ego,—hid in mist,—moves still behind the scene,
Directing, guiding, and inspiring all.

SOFT SHUT THE DOOR.

I

Soft shut the door, let me sleep a moment more;
In sleep's sweet forgetting this life to forget:
Where every day,—a sorrow;

* See Appendix, Note 8.

Glooms each recurring morrow
With bodings of a Future, only worse and darker yet:
Where Morning's sweetest, brightest suns, but rise in Night to set.

II

Soft shut the door;—let me sleep a moment more:
Life to forget,—its deceits and its seeming:
Sun-set paintings in the skies:
Eden Loves in woman's eyes:
Hope's sweet delusive lies!
With all that's bright and fair, only made to melt in air,
Like Fancy's fairy castles, that vanish with our dreaming.

NOT MISSED.

I

In some way this world without me,
Well I know will still roll on:
And they will not fret about me,
Well I know—when I am gone.

II

All the beauty of this prairie,
Comes from us the flowers said:
But before the day was over
Grass and flowers both were dead.

III

And the morrow shone as brightly
As the day had shone before;
Nature still had grass and flowers
In her ever ample store.

DESPAIR.

I

There comes no answer to my prayer!
  Unbroken stillness everywhere,
Through Nights vast fields of air!——
  For me, no arm of God "made bare."

II

Blue the great vault o'er-head,
  With countless lamps outspread,
As though no hearts lay dead
  Shrouded in night
Beneath its pulsing light!

III

Oh, sparkling mockeries on high,
    How far away ye lie!
    Fain would I fly:—
    Fain be myself a star
Rather than thing with life to die!

IV

"'Tis done!"—the light,
  Perished:—and Night
Settles upon my sight!——
    The cloudy pall
    Encurtains all!—
    Vainly I call:—
Heart—Hope—and Faith lie dead:
My Christ too,—he hath fled!—

PEACE.

I

Oh, tell me where can Peace be found!
Vainly I seek her in the haunts of men.
In cities vast I find her not: the sound
Of cities is confusion, discord, fear;
Where all to sight that doth appear,
Are ancient idols come to life again:
Greed; Jealousy; Revenge, and Hate;
Hell's foulest demons all enthroned in state.

II

I sought her in the vales and on the hills,
And in the meadows by the running brooks:
I sought her too, in meditation and in books:
I sought her in the herdsman's lowly cot:
The villager's contentment with his lot;
The ploughman's dull and plodding round of toil;
His golden harvests garnered from the soil:
But Peace with these was not.

III

I took me to the highest slope and mountain's peak,
And saw in Vision as with prophet's eye,
The kingdoms of the world before me lie:
Beheld her crowns and sceptres: heard her mighty speak:
And saw her cringing multitudes bow down to Power;
Slaves to each reigning monster of the hour:
Saw motley throngs of worshipers pass by,

In solemn pomp and tinseled mummery.
But Peace among them all could not be found;
Hypocrisy, and lies alone; and guile, and empty sound.

IV

Then tell me, tell me where shall I find Peace!—
Tell me bright stars of yonder heaven I cried;—
When Earth, and Time, and Man himself shall cease;
A voice from out the deep blue vault replied;
When summer birds shall cease to call:
When summer roses cease to bloom:
When summer rains shall cease to fall,
And Death no longer garners for the tomb:
When Adam's primal curse shall cease;
Thou shalt find Peace!

V

When suns shall cease to come and go:
And mists to rise, and rills to flow:
When ice shall cease to bar the pole:
And ocean's waves shall cease to roll:
When years, months, weeks, and days shall cease,
Thou shalt find Peace!

VI

When suns and moons shall cease to rise:
When stars no longer stud the skies:
When changing seasons no more change:
When Earth worn out, shall cease to run
Her orbit race around the sun:
When strange things seem no longer strange:

When heat shall cease to melt and burn ;
And cold shall cease to freeze in turn :
When every lamp in heaven's blue urn
Lies shattered, and its light shall cease :
Then—wretched mortal,
Thou shalt find Peace !—

THE DYING FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN.

I

Wake me not to life again :
To its cares, and toils, and pain ;
To its weariness and sorrows ;
To its sombre, dark to-morrows :
Rest is sweet ;
This Life is vain ;
Dear ones, let me here remain :
Wake me not to Life again !—

II

I am happy : let me sleep :
I am happy : do not weep !—
Life's long journey ended : gone :—
I have passed its last mile-stone.
Rest is sweet ;
This Life is vain ;
Dear ones, let me here remain :
Wake me not to life again !—

III

Only one last boon I crave :
When you stand around my grave :
As you think the unsaid prayer ;
Vow to keep within your heart
To me, one sacred spot apart,
On whose altar standing there,
A taper to my Memory
Always lighted up shall be,
When you deck your Christmas tree ;
Dears ! Farewell ! Remember me !—

BOOK SEVEN

SONGS OF THE HEART.

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THE DAISY POEMS.*

Number One.

A spark too faint, to flame below,
In murky atmosphere like this :
A plant so frail can only grow
In God's own Orchid-house of bliss.

II

Dear babe : to us in mercy given ;
A tie between our souls and Heaven ;
Celestial thread for light and love,
Down-flowing from Angelic sphere,
To gently draw our thoughts above,
And take them from our troubles here !

Number Two.

My heart is sick and faint to-day,
  Because my baby is away ;
And care rests heavy on my brow ;
I hear no more my dear one say,—
  "Nina ! Nina ! dinkee now ! "—

II

Dear lamb ! yes ; I would give thee drink,
    Were it the last I had to give,
And my heart's blood :—for thee, I think,
The flames of hell my soul would brave,
Thy soul, my sweet ! my Life ! to save.

---

* My youngest child.

III

Oh ! if the fatal hour should come,
Before my days on earth are spent,
For God to call thee, dear one, home :
My heart could not survive the rent.
God's angel when he comes for thee !
Must at the same time come for me !—

NUMBER THREE.

TO MY ABSENT BABY.

I

Light to my eyes ! Life to my heart !
Come back to me ; we are too wide apart :
Come to me darling : sweet baby mine :
Whilst thou art away, love,—the sun cannot shine !

II

Come then my precious :
Bring back the light !
Bring the sun to my day, love :
Bring stars to my night !

NUMBER FOUR.

I

Baby dear ! baby dear !
Father's heart is very sore :
Father wants his baby near ;

Wants her tiny feet to hear,
And prattle at his door.

II

Baby dear; sweet baby dear;
Hasten home!
Father's heart is filled with fear,
When his baby is not near:
Why should babies roam?
Little birds, my baby dear,
Had better stay at home!

NUMBER FIVE.

I

In the time to come my darling,
What in life shall be thy part?—
Art thou born to strive and conquer,
Or to yield with fainting heart?—

II

In life's stormy, dusty battle,
Wilt thou lie ignobly down;
Or a valiant Joan proudly
Bear away the victor's crown?—

III

Where the mark, and what the signal,
High above thee in the strife;
Symbol vain of earthly glory,
Or Christ's flag—Eternal Life!—

IV

Be his Cause, thy cause, my darling !—
Be his Life, thy life ; my sweet !—
Be thy life, a self denial
Like to his ; beneath thy feet,
Trample every low desire :
Every sordid aim crush down :
Then indeed, my precious, shalt thou
Nobly win and wear His Crown.

BE STRONG IN VIRTUE.*

I

Be strong in virtue, oh, my boy,
Whilst life is robed in roseate hue :
Whilst yet thy sky spans broad and blue ;
Whiles all thy soul-plane, still is bright ;
With not one spectre yet in sight.
Whilst towering hopes, like peaks in mist,
Glow in the far off amethyst :
Whiles thy young heart, to God still true,
Mirrors the nature that thou art ;
Of Him and Nature both, a part.
Grow strong in Virtue, oh, my boy !—
Where Virtue leads,—fear not to go,
E'en to the Gates of Hell below.
Where Virtue leads, fear not ! her way ;
Her star ;—is God's Eternal Day !—

* Written on my boy's Birth-day.

MY DAUGHTER'S BIRTHDAY.

I

Thy sun of Life, one third the way
Hath climed its yet unclouded blue;
With yet for thee, no stormy day:
With yet for thee, no friend untrue.

II

How short the time: how swift, how soon
Thy sun of Life, climbs to its noon!—
And then; how quick the days decline,
For thee, alas! poor child of mine.
Oh, may the dark days ne'er be thine!

NIGHT.*

The spicy fragrance of the skies,
Falls through the night air on my soul,
From depths where constellations rise;
From depths where suns unnumbered roll;
From depths on depths of star o'er star,
Beyond the Gates of Light, ajar;
Where God's great lanterns swing and sway
Through fields of space beyond our day,
In circles vast that flash their light
Through every crevice* of the Night.

*See Appendix, Note 2.

OH, TIME RESISTLESS.

Oh, Time resistless what swift wings thou hast for flying!
Ah, mortals frail—made but to ripen and decay:
Oh, cruel, mocking earth where life begins with dying:
Like falling snow-flakes,—how we melt and pass away!

MY SINGING DAYS ARE OVER.

I

My singing days are over:
Happy days when I was young:
When daisies grew with clover,
And honeysuckles clung
Along with morning-glory
To the trellis on the wall:
And gay sun-flowers grew and grew
So very, very tall:
And trees became kaleidoscopes
Like magic, in the Fall.

II

Sweet, dreamy days of Childhood
When Hope and I were young:
Ah,—those were singing days for me:
For then,—I always sung.

III

But now; in place of singing,
I do little else but weep;
And find my happiest moments
In forgetfulness and sleep.

IV

Yes,—Singing times are over:
Broken harps may new be strung:
But broken hearts; —old broken hearts,
Can ne'er again be young:
My singing day has passed away;
My Songs long since were sung.

A MOTHER'S WAIL; OR, MY BABY'S CHAIR.

I

In the corner stands the chair:
Such a cunning little chair!—
So pretty and so tiny; and with such a natty air;
Looking so like baby!—My babe with auburn hair:
My Life; my soul; my baby;
Lost baby—now not there!—

II

And all to sense, is now a seeming:—
All sound and sight to me but dreaming:—
A seeming, and a dreaming, as empty as the air:

For in vain I ask the Angels,
Ah! Oh tell me where
I can go to find my baby?
But no answer cometh to me,
From Heaven's concave of despair!—

III

Drooping sad and dreary, are the silent willows weeping,
Where my precious babe, my sweet, my darling now lies sleeping
Pressed no longer to its mother's sad and aching breasts.
In the cold, cold earth, my baby now is sleeping:
In the damp cold earth, my darling baby rests:
And my lonely heart is with my baby there!
And my breast is hollow, with the gone-ness of Despair!

WHAT IS LIFE?

I

In the Morning, Life is length
Of joyous, happy hours, and strength;
In the Morning, Life is May:
Blossoms; sweetness; fragrance; day.
In the morning, like a sun,
Friendship shines for every-one.

II

In Life's morning,—like a zone,
Hope, and Heart, and Faith are one.
In the morning, sweet Life seems
Real, as Youth's golden dreams.—

III

But Life's Morning cannot last :
Only one thing lives : *the Past!*—
Life's " Excelsior "—" *to be!* "
This ;—earth's Immortality !

THIS IS LIFE.

Nothing here is made to last :
All is shadow ;—all is seeming :
* Re-incarnates from the past,—
Life on earth is Sleep and Dreaming.

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES SUMNER.

Farewell oh christian warrior, eagle-eyed and lion-hearted ;
Our world in size, is less by half, great chief, since you departed!
Cycles of years shall come and go ;
The tides of Time shall cease to flow ;
Heros—translated to the skies
In constellated glory rise :
But like to thee, thou peerless one, shall ne'er be seen another :
Colossal soul ; colossal frame ; man's loyal hearted brother !
One Sumner only, Nature cast : before the next was run,
The envious heaven reclaimed the mould ; and left earth but the one.

* See Appendix ; Note 3.

THE OLD DESPAIR.

I

The old despair is in the air :
Black raven from the sunless clime :
No more for me from o'er the sea,
Sweet missives of the Olden-time :
No more for me from o'er the lea,
The incense sweet of sacred thyme,
When suns were bright, and hearts were light,
And steps were bounding ; souls were gay :
And morn's great sun to look upon
Made years of every little day :
When scentling dews, and rams and ewes
And misty hill-sides cloaked in gray
In pictures sweet around me lay :
And Life was one long holiday.
When hearts were young and songs were sung
And all the hours were purple bowers
O'er which in wreaths by Fancy strung
In strange, fantastic shapes were hung
The garland-hopes of Life's young May.

II

But now for me ; from land nor sea,
Sweet scenes, sweet loves, no more to be :
No missives from the Olden-time :
No incense sweet from sacred thyme :
Dear May,—alas ! forever gone :
Sweet May, alas ! forever fled :
No more thy face I look upon :
My Youth :—my May :—my loves are dead !

MY HEART IS COLD.

I

The hearth-stone of my heart is cold :
Its fires are spent ;—its embers dead :
And like a lonely mountain's peak,
The snows of Age are on my head.

II

I've seen Life's friendships, one by one,
Burn out,—as pale Night's founts of fire :
As mantling clouds obscure the sun,
So have I seen Life's Dream expire.

SLIGHT ME NOT.

Slight me not that age has sprinkled
Locks once glossy like your own :
Love can find green mosses clinging
Even to the grayest stone :
Flowers under snow's white mantle
Blooming when the Summer's gone.

LOOKING BACK.

I

Long years have settled on my brow,
Since I was young and light and gay :
Since I was fair and fresh as thou,
In this the springtime of thy May.

II

My Spring and May, alas ! have flown :
Summer and Autumn both are dead :
The Winter of my years alone
Remains to tell how much has fled.

THE HEART'S CONTRADICTIONS.

I

What a wasp is man's heart, with its venom and sting ;
What a siren to lure ; what a Siren to sing :
What a bell too, of hell too,—this heart in its ring :
What a strange contradiction, this marvelous thing,

II

Yes ; a strange contradiction and jumble, man's heart ;
So warm and so sweet,—and so sour and cold.
How it lives on in some e'en when broken apart ;
While in others, you'd think it a thousand years old ;
Such a hard lichen crust ; and such depth to its mold.

III

Full fifty years and more ago,
When I was young and strong ;
(Dear me ! and is it *Fifty* years !
It don't seem half so long :)
I loved a girl :—ah,—yes,—I loved !
Dreams !—Dreams !—of long ago :—
My heart it was not broken then ;
Nor locks,—as white as snow.

IV

Oh, dreams of youth, come back again ;
Return to me I pray :
That I may love as I loved then ;
God give me back my May !

V

Dreams ! Dreams ! oh, tantalizing Life ;
A weird and spectral dream ;
Where things are never what they were ;
And never what they seem.

VI

Where only youth's illusions make
Life's Spring-time bright and gay :
Where Youth alone makes Life's young dream
A fragrant,—flowery May.

BOOK EIGHT

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

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THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.*

I

Hark to the silvery bells of Heaven,
Roseate, sounding over the sea ;
There my darling watcheth and waiteth ;
Sun-robed, radiant ; watcheth for me.

II

We wept at parting.—Now he is happy :
Pangs forgotten ; and pains unknown :
Sickness and death, and sorrow and weeping ;
Strangers for-ever where he is gone.

III

Sad was the sundering ; my heart was broken :
Dark grew the heavens ; the stars seemed dim :
But now beyond them, I see the token,
Bidding me weep no more for him.

IV

Sun-robed ; radiant ; pure as the ether :
At home with the angels ; by seraphs caressed ;
Cherub companions lure him with treasures
Only known to the Home of the blessed.

V

The parting killed me ;—I could not bear it ;
For who upon those dear orbs of light,

*The above lines were written on the death of my dear little two year old nephew who died of diphtheria ; literally bleeding to death.

Black and sparkling, and lustrous as diamonds,
Could look, as they paled in Death's cold night.

VI

But list to the silvery bells of Heaven,
Chiming roseate over the sea :
Hist !—they lure me : shadows of Even,
Welcome ! Darling, I come to thee !—

"THE UNKNOWABLE."

The way is dark and I am faint and weary ;
Foot-sore,—forsaken,—desolate and dying :
Lost amid wolf-wilds ; all around me dreary :
Unbroken stillness, save my lone voice crying
To the Great Unknowable—the Pitiless,—
Who hears me not, nor answers my distress.

UNKNOWN.

In that land to which my soul is going ;
In that land to which I journey all alone ;
When I stand before the Great All-knowing :
When I stand before the Great White Throne :
Who then in my guilt, my terror, and despair,
Who shall plead,—shall plead then for me there ?
Who for all my sins shall then atone ?
Shall I hear the voice "come here thou blessed ?"
Or "depart !—to me thou art unknown !"

AT LAST.

I

As when a long and stormy voyage just ending,
Shows the first glimpse of looming cliff and shore,
All we have suffered is at once forgotten,
In the wild joy, that land appears once more :

II

So at Life's end : the sick soul, faint and weary,
Impatient ; longing ; yearning for release ;
Hails with delight, forgetting all its dreary ;
The looming white Cliffs of Eternal Peace.

III

Oh, Land of Sunshine ;—Land of Joy forever ;
When from thy silver-fringed and golden strand,
Shall I look back and wonder at the weakness,
That made me ever doubt my Father's hand !

IV

Wrapped in the glory of thy fleecy brightness :
Dark nights forgotten, and the long voyage o'er ;
Only a moment, then,—to our heart's lightness,—
Earth's troubled dream :—a dream to us no more.—

V

Then give me patience !—patience with Thee, Father !—
Patience and Faith with Thy dark Ways to me :

Light up my inward eyes; Thy loving kindness,
Even in Life's worst agonies, to see.

VI

Then shall my soul, no more of Thee aggrieving,
Take up Life's burden, reckoning not its pain:
And journey on, with lightened heart, believing
Thy love will turn Life's losses, all, to gain!—

NIGHT.

I

Awake from slumber, soul of mine awake!
Awake and sing; awake and hail the stars!
Awake,—the banner of the Night unfurls!
Awake,—the rush-light of the Day expires!
Awake,—unnumbered Suns around thee burn!
The stellar spaces of the Night agleam:
The heaven of heavens aglow with sheen and flame!

II

Oh Night;—Victorious Night;—triumphant Night;
Oh Night Imperial—what an empire thine!
Empire of blazing islands, each a world!—
Oh Night—enticing Night—alluring Night:—
Sweet Night of buds and aromatic dews;
Soft—soothing—chastening Night, I lie entranced
Upon thy breast and press my lips to thine!

III

Oh Night, our day is but a part of thee;
A fragment of that universal day,

The rosy garment that o'er-spreads the worlds :
For thine all space is,—all the suns are thine ;
Our planet-day is but an hour of thee :
And planet-hours sum up thy one great day !
Who then would know thee, oh, divinest Night.
Let him compute thy suns and call that day !

IV

Sweet Night,—thine hours were once for slumber
But for me no more !—builder thou wert then ;
Clay builder in this temple of my clay :
Mother of mothers :—more than mother thou ;
Creator :—waste repairer; —restorer
Of lost life :—with hands unseen, and softer
Than the sun—thou didst attemper then
Thy mortars to this crumbling, wasted frame ;
And thus thy slumbers prophesied of life :
And thus thy day's renewed :—a life regained.

V

But now* this clay no more invokes thine aid :
No more thy slumbers prophesy of life :
My temple claims no more the builder's care :
Short stages to the grave my slumbers now :
Brief steppings from the sunlight to the tomb :
Of life no more ;—death's prophesies they stand.
Henceforth be mine the slumbers of the day !—
Henceforth oh, Night the gardens of the skies
I walk with thee !—and gather from yon spheres
Of pulsing light, the life of endless years !

*These lines were written thirty years ago when I was "the dying man."

BOOK NINE

SONGS OF THINGS.

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A HORSE'S COMPLAINT.

I

How wretched my fate ; what an unlucky star !
Horse-born on Earth, and to pull a tram-car !
How it happened to be, when it happened to me,
Is something I've never been able to see.

II

The driver don't know why it is I am slow ;
And it looks, he don't care ; he wallops me so.

III

Drivers don't know when a tram-car gets full ;
But they'd know it durned well if they had it to pull.

IV

A hard working horse has a right to be fed
With plenty and good ; and clean straw for his bed :
Be spoke kindly to when he does his work well ;
And not made to wish all car-drivers in h—ll.

V

It's an awful hard case for a worn out old horse
To be worked by a fool, who is surly and cross :
Who lets his old car get packed to the full,
And then thinks, the way with his horse, is to pull
On the reins, while he curses, and cudgels, and saws ;
And frightens ; while trying to break the beast's jaws.

VI

And oh! just to think of the horrible smart
That stings a poor horse, like a sharp-pointed dart;
When made to go on before getting half through
With something, that horses like humans, must do.

VII

Theosophists teach, as a part of their lore,
That all on this planet have been here before:
I hope this is so;—that we'll come here again;—
These car-drivers, horses;—these poor horses,—men;—
For the way then, I'll wallop the "cuss" that beats me,
Will be something, (you bet)—for "them" horses to see.

VIII

I've heard something said of a "Lord's day" and "rest;"
A day that is "sacred:"—of all days—"the best."
It may be for man:—for the horse,—it's the worst:
The day of all days, to the horse most accursed:
For the crowds from the churches, when churches let out,
Flood over the street like a burst water-spout;
All tearing and rushing pell mell for a ride:
Till you'd think they were craming a whole church inside.
To pull them, I strain, till my muscles all stand,
Like ropes on my skin, or a ship's hawser strand.

IX

My withers are sore: my eye-balls most split:
But the good people inside don't mind it a bit;
It is'nt their withers: it isn't their strain:
It is only a horse that is writhing in pain.

X

My bones are all aching: my flanks they are sore;
But the saints, just like sinners,—continue to pour:
Piling in: shoving in; more and still more;
Shoving in,—pushing in, a pack and a jam:
Good-natured: no swearing:—its the horse that says "*d—n*"
For he knows, if they don't, how tired I am.
Such a crowd of good people;—gilt-edge books of prayer:
But not one Horse-Christian to speak for me there.

XI

I am staggering weak: oh so weak, I could lie
Right down in the road here; and give up; and die:
But the Christians inside;—how contented they sit:
All thinking of heaven:—the poor horse, not a bit;—
But I wish they would sometimes;—in prayer when they kneel,
Remember while praying, that horses can feel;
Try to put to themselves what the horse-feelings are
Of a horse made to pull a whole church in one car:
What the creature must think when he sees them all coming
To break his poor back;—but all hymning and humming:
Chock-full of sentiment:—"souls:"—"sinners:"—"the cross;"
But "giving the devil" to this poor wretched horse.*

BEWARE.†

Feet beware how you walk!
Tongue beware how you talk!

*Just this thing was witnessed by me one Sunday in Washington. D. C. I felt so indignant at the thoughtlessness,—(not intended heartlessness of course),—of the good people, and such commiseration for the poor beast, that I went straight to my room and gave vent to my feelings. as above. T. H.

†The above poem I find in my journal under date of 4 June, 1875 with the following remarks: "And in the morning I awoke again with the lines running through my head, but I was not able to write them down; so during last night again and this morning they returned with more force."

Nose beware how you smell!
Ears beware—hearken well!
Eyes beware how you see!
Mouth beware! slander free:
Hands—beware what you do:
Heart beware always true:
Heart and hands to heaven outspread
God Himself is overhead!

BETRAYED.

I

My heart is with the buried years
And sleeps among the dead.
The visions of the Past and fears
My Present overspread.

II

Ah! woe is me: for where can I
Now flee to hide my shame?
The one I loved is lost and I
Have now a sullied name!

ON FIRE.*

I

I stand like a moss-covered old oak on fire
At top, while its branches in monotones sway;

*The above lines were suggested by the heat in my head which compels me to go most of the time with my hat in my hand in the street during the day, and with a cold, wet compress for a nightcap on going to bed at night

The lapping flames heaven-ward leaping, a spire,
Through smoke-waves of foam, and through smoke-waves in spray.
The old top is going; but the roots down below;
Cling still to earth, as they clung long ago.

II

But the roots slowly loosen; and soon they must tire;
And then like Elijah, you'll all see me go,
Wrapped in the Seraphim's red robe of fire,
As the chariot and horses spring up from below.
Keep your eyes on me! *—for God's white winged Angels
Will be trooping around there like eddying snow!

AS WE MAKE IT.

Existence on earth from beginning to end,
Is a fight and we all have to take it.
So the best we can do is to fight it well—through
For then it will be—*as we make it.*

THE GRUMBLER.

I

'Things here are all for show:
The world has nothing in it,
When you're surest that you know
The very way to "pin it;"—

*II Kings, ii chap., 10th and 11th verses. "*If thou see me* when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee. * * * Behold there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire * * and Elisha went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

II

Like an eel it slides your grip :
Like a flea—it isn't there :—
It flits away like shadows ;—
Melts like floating clouds in air.

III

The only thing that's certain
On this dirty little ball,
Is that death will drop the curtain,
And the worms will eat us all.

IV

What people see to live for,
Is what I cannot tell ;
Or why in such a world as this,
We need another hell.

V

How came we here—and what for,
Is what I'd like to know ;
And if there is another place,
When dead—to which we go.

VI

When I ask this of the preachers,
They talk about "the Fall"
Until I find—just like my own,
Their "know" don't know at all.

BOOK TEN

SUPPLEMENTAL POEMS.

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THE PRODIGAL.

I

How shall this soul of mine before Thy holy shrine,
Oh, Thou Immaculate : Divine : appear !—
Where angels veil their faces in despair !—
With what oblations sweet ; before Thy Mercy-seat
Can I thy Presence meet ; or dare draw near ;
All clothed in guilt and shame :
Lost,—both in fact and name,—
How can I hope to find acceptance there !—

II

My God I turn to Thee, in sad sincerity ;
With deep contrition and abasement bare :
Grant, Father unto me, Thy loving spirit free ;
So shall I turn and flee
From every fleshly lust and sinful snare :
Once more Thy Temple Gate, my soul shall seek, and wait,
To find again with thee, acceptance there !—

III

Thy ways, not mine, oh God !—
Thy will ; not mine : Thy rod
In mercy spare, nor let Thine anger burn ;
Starved with the husks of sin ;
Thy peace once more to win ;
My soul in anguish, for its Home doth yearn.
With straining, weeping eyes,
Would fain once more arise,
And stripped of every guise,
Repentant, Lord to Thee, thy Prodigal return !—

WEARY.

I

In thy gardens, oh my Father, let me walk,—let me walk ;
Where the sweet White Lillies of thy Presence ever grow ;
Where with Thy shining-robed Ones I can talk ;—I can talk ;—
And find the calm and rest, sought so vainly here below !—

II

Oh, for Thy Peace ! my Father give me peace !—
My aching, aching soul, is sighing for its rest :
When shall the battle raging round me cease ;
When shall my feet be walking with thy blest ?

III

With longings : oh, what longings for the light within Thy Gates,
I struggle daily : pressing onward through the strife :
My weak soul, weary ; wistful ; longing,—waits
Thy bidding to the higher, nobler, better life.

IV

Weary, my father ! oh, I am so very weary ;
Nor night, nor day, nor change of scene brings rest :
The way that leads to Thee, dear Lord, seems dark and dreary ;
But yet, Thy way, my father must be best.

V

Then give me faith !—oh give me faith, my Father,
By faith to overcome this world of sense and sin :

That I may find Thy Christ,—"the Way,"—to enter ;
Thy love: Thy peace: Thy Gardens, enter in.

VI

Lord give me faith ! my best resolves all falter ;—
Falter and break,—though I would follow thee :—
Give to my will, oh, God ! Thy will, to alter :—
Thy will to mine can make my spirit free :—
Then shall I find the tranquil peace I sigh for ;—
For then, my soul shall be at one with Thee !—

LIFE'S CONUNDRUMS.*

I

* * * * * * * *

Lightnings strike on church and brothel with a sharp and even fall ;
Floods, volcanoes, cyclones, earthquakes, desolate our hapless ball :
High in heaven the iridescent "bow of Promise" mocking all !

II

And the cry of man for God brings no echo from afar :
Mute the Infinite of ether in its stretch from star to star :
While the far-off spectral worlds coldly smiling in their places
By their very muteness say,—seek not God in Nature's spaces !

III

Vainly on man's bloody altars blaze the sacrificial fires:
Vainly to "the unknown God," sacerdotal prophets call :

* See Appendix ; Notes 3 and 4.

Virtue on the cross expires:
Virtue's lips are moistened still by "Vinegar and Gall"!

IV

* * * * * * * *

Who can solve Earth's ghastly riddle: man's environment of sin:
Who declare why God hath put him where no human strength can win:
All too weak the Gate to open;—all too "vile" to enter in!

V

Why "the way" so wondrous "narrow":—why "the door" so cramped and "straight":
Why alas! but "few" to enter, where so many stand and wait;
Knocking vainly at a Gate
Bolted, barred, and sealed by Fate!
Where the knocking for the "many"
Comes for them "too late!" "too late!"
Who can tell me why the "knocking"
For the "many" comes "*too late*"?

VI

Better far the fate of flower, only for one brief day made,
Sweet in color, shape and perfume, e'en though doomed to droop and fade
With the dying day at even,
In the twilight's closing shade
Than a microcosm ending with a coffin, hearse and spade!
Who can tell why "worms" like mortals,
God "for worms" should e'er have made?
Who can tell why ☞ *thinking* "worms" were ever made?

GO IT BLIND!*

I

This life is full of puzzles: our world a tangled ball:
Mankind are hard to understand; God,—not understood at all.
We chafe, and groan, and grumble at the ways of Providence:
But to find out why it is so, the wisest have no sense.
In this perplexed condition, Reason,—does not serve a mite:
Do what we will, we cannot get a single spark of light;—
Wherefore the common-sense-like way; and what is proper, is, to say
Never mind! Go it blind!
Pull the throttle;—Shut your eyes:
The Future, will be God's suprise!

II

The planetary law of this planetary ball,
That makes animated nature possible at all,
Is sacrifice;—For one to come, another one must die:
Earth's living things, *live each on life*, in all beneath the sky.
The life in seas:—the life on land—the life up in the air:
Is Life enmeshed in spider web of Devils every-where.
Wherefore the common-sense-like way, and what is proper, is, to say
Never mind! go it blind!
Pull the throttle; shut your eyes;
The Future will be God's surprise!

*See Appendix; Notes 3 and 4.

III

In the morning of Creation; the days before the Flood;
God organized this planet on the plan of *blood from blood.*
Devil-fishes in the sea:—devil-monsters on the land:—
Devil-microbes in the air, packed thick as grains of sand;
Fishes armed with swords to rip the inoffensive whale;
And this tormented creature without armor-plated scale.
But notwithstanding all,—the way,—is still to feel,—and still to say,
Never mind! go it blind!
Pull the throttle; shut your eyes;
The Future will be God's surprise!

IV

Just see the frauds in nature!—the flower-trap that lies
With open-mouth enticements for the giddy thoughtless flies.
See the marvelous variety of devilish creations
Ab initio,—that living things display in imitations:—
Here a bit of seeming bark: *—there, a withered leaf or straw;
All frauds!—each one a thing of life, with greedy mouth and maw.
And yet I do maintain, finding fault with God is vain:
That the very wisest way is to feel, and also say;
Never mind! go it blind!
Pull the throttle; shut your eyes;
The Future will be God's surprise!

V

The stubborn facts of Nature, man's logic cannot change;
He had better tether Reason within Reason's proper range;
When God becomes "objective," Logic then will get the eye
Indispensable to Reason, to make her scrutiny.
It is better to be quiet where we cannot understand,

* Prof. Drummond.

Than to fret and fume and wriggle in "the hollow of His hand"
Wherefore the common-sense-like way, and what is proper, is, to say
Never mind! go it blind!
*Pull the throttle; shut your eyes;
The future will be God's surprise!

*This expression I took from an incident at sea. In May '82 when four days out, the propeller shaft of the Catalonia broke. Released from its work, the mighty engine seemed threatening to pound everything to pieces. The vessel shook, the decks quivered, there was but one thing to be done: shut off steam. The commotion in the engine room was terrific. The engineer took in the situation at a glance and sprang for the throttle, shutting his eyes as his hand grasped it and he pulled. The sound of the rushing steam was frightful, but it brought calm, confidence and safety.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NOTE 1.

"WHY GOD MADE HELL." This poem was written when the flesh of my soul was quivering under the red hot pincers of the Law: and if at the time I struck out wildly and blindly, it is not to be wondered at.

Whatever amends in reference to the claims of an honorable profession, were needed on this account, have been fully made in the preface. The poem must now be regarded only in the light of a Satire on Law, run upon symbolic lines analogous to St. John's pictures in Revelations.

Should the poem chance to fall under the eye of any lawyer who fancies he finds in its pictures familiar lineaments, he has "the right of discovery:" I shan't interfere with his claims.

Law, from an Engineering stand-point, is a machine invented and constructed by civilization, as a means of settling claims and disputes on the basis of justice between man and man.

Any mechanical inventor who should construct a Machine that so utterly failed of its purpose, would be considered a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

Some lawyers and good ones too, both morally and intellectually, seem to regard as sufficient apology, the fallibility of human nature. But this don't alter the fact, nor the hardships and cruelties, of Law.

The man who feels the teeth of the bull-dog in the seat of his trousers, is apt to think the fallibility of the brute's chain, a lame excuse on the part of the owner of the dog.

But I will not ask any one to pass judgment upon Law by only one example of the ferocity of the beast.

I will not call the ordinary man who has escaped the bull-dog; who is without a scratch, and whose trousers are whole. Such persons unfortunately have no sympathy, as a rule, with the ones who have been mangled and torn.

My witnesses shall be men of mark; gentlemen of the profession itself: men whose feelings and opinions could they be swayed by self interest or warped by prejudices, would be with and not against Law.

In our New York community, no man either in or out of the profession, stood higher than the late Hamilton Cole.

The Court had appointed him Referee in a case of mine. Complaining to him one day of the vexatious delays and hardships I was subjected to in the simple effort to honestly get my just dues : Mr. Cole remarked :

" Mr. Hyatt !—Law is not a means of obtaining justice ! "

I was struck by the tenderness of tone, and the compassionate look upon the face, and in the eyes of this good man, as with great slowness of speech, and much solemnity he gave utterance to these remarkable words : words that should be engraven in emblazoned letters upon tablets of brass : placed above the gateway of every avenue leading to the temple of the blindfold-ed Goddess : fastened to the door of every chamber within it ; and in still more gleaming letters and startling proportions, should be conspicuously displayed above the ermined seat of every judge, in every Court, and in every land.

" Law is not a Means of obtaining justice ! "

The office of District Attorney in the City of New York, some 50 years ago,—(it seems to me only the other day ;)—was filled by a lawyer of high repute ; a fearless, honest man ; small of stature, but great in argument ; and so incisive, and caustic in the logic of his brilliant eloquence, as to earn for him the sobriquet,—" Little Bitters."

I have forgotten the proper name of this gentleman ; but I remember him well : the bold look on his face, and the determined set of his under jaw.

Met one day in Broadway near the Park by his nephew, the latter exclaimed, " Oh, uncle I am so glad to see you ! I was just going over to your office to get you to sue a man."

" Richard ! " said the uncle, impressively, as he laid one hand upon the young man's shoulder while pointing with the other to a person approaching ;—" you see that man ! well ; if he comes up and says to you,—" Sir ; that coat on your back is mine, and if you don't give it to me I'll sue you! " take it right off Richard, and give it to him ; it will be better than going to law."

In a conversation between two lawyers which took place one day in my presence, the question "how much is there in the Estate," was asked by one of them; to which the other replied, "about eight thousand dollars:" "Oh, I guess we can exhaust that" said the first speaker with a jolly ringing laugh that filled the room as well as his friend with delightsome echoes.

"*I guess we can exhaust that!*"—Exhaust what?—The widow's mite; the orphan's bread! the last spark of hope from the heart!—the last crust from the pale and quivering lips of famishing children!—

"*Oh, I guess we can exhaust that!*"—Exhaust what?—The cherished anticipations of the dying: the last act of affectionate duty by the dead.—It means driving weeping mothers, and sobbing children from the shelter of home, and the comforts a husband and father's loving hand had provided: means sending them forth into snow-drifts and the blinding storms and "blizzards" of a cruel and heartless world!

But this is Law!—what Law does; is doing, and has been steadily doing since the hour when that most worthy man and upright Judge, Pontius Pilate,—washing his hands with clean water,—abandoned Innocence and Virtue to the ignominious death of the Cross!

And no church:—no Organization:—no Journal of this, our "advanced civilization," raises voice or hand to smite this Juggernaut, though Nineteen hundred years from the heights of Calvary are looking* down upon us!—

"And the priest and the Levite passed by."

I was one day in the office of a friend, a New York lawyer; a gentleman of years and position: in practice 40 years probably: a man of heart and brains; upright; plainspoken; a hater of meanness, fraud, deceit, chicanery and all crooked ways: when during our conversation, quite by accident, I happened to say, "I know an honest lawyer:" upon which the old gentleman took fire at once, exclaiming in the most earnest manner "do you know an honest lawyer?—I shall want you to leave me his address before you go:—for upon my word when any client of mine asks me to recommend to him an honest lawyer, *I don't know one!*—they not only skin

* Napoleon the 1st, and the Pyramids.

their clients, but try to make them skin every one of their friends in order to satisfy their rapacity ! "—

The history of the legal profession abounds with this sort of literature ; and the " good " lawyers know it just as well as I do ; so well that " skinning the client " passes for a pleasant joke with some of the more thoughtless ones. But still this don't militate against my opinions expressed in the preface. The friend whose scalding words I have quoted, was, no doubt, just at the moment feeling the sting of some recent burn, and instead of getting relief by versifying as I did, put it into his best prose.

But is there any good reason why Law should not be reformed ?—We have all sorts of Societies, " Christian ;" " Benevolent," &c.—and for the " reformation of criminals ;" why not for Law the greatest criminal of all !—In Real Estate-matters a notable reform by lawyers themselves has been made already ; and with good results to all concerned.—" The Guarantee Titles Companies."—What is to hinder the " good " lawyers from also getting up *The Guarantee Against Skinning the Clients Company ?—*

The success of such a Company cannot be doubted. In such a Company there should be no chance for, and no provocation, to skinning ;—for all the charges would be tabulated and things run according to schedule : and we may feel sure that the existence of such Companies would bring about needed reforms ; speedy justice for one thing ; for then speedy justice would hold direct relation to good dividends.—The relation between counsel and client where a Company of this nature was the counsel would have no " spider and fly " about it. There would be a fair square bargain in advance : and the client's case would not be out of his hands.

Under the present system, the law gives any lawyer,—(bad enough to do it,) the opportunity of being a veritable spider to his fly. The very thing that gives your mind ease and comfort, where your lawyer is a conscientious, honorable and upright man, viz : putting your case and all your papers in his keeping in perfect trust : plunges you into untold wretchedness when you happen to employ an " *Exhaust* : " and one in search of a lawyer, can never tell as to this, until he has tried him ;—and then—(like getting married) *it is too late !*

You may make any bargain with him at the start you like : it is all verbal ; and like Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle's drinks, " don't count." He

takes your retainer and agrees to wait until the end of the litigation for the balance ; and you are hardly more than started before he is down on you for one, two, or three hundred dollars just as he fancies his fly has blood. If you say you don't know where to get it : " Exhaust " replies in the most callous, off-hand way, but with an encouraging horse-laugh,—" I don't care where or how you get it, so long as you let me have it !" and you don't dare refuse lest he may neglect your case. At one time it is your success he plays on : at another time your fears : he may even intimate that he won't go on : and if he don't in words he has a way of doing it without words ; and he knows too, the time ; to a dot ; *just before the case is coming on !*—

He keeps you all the time in a constant state of Vibration.—Keeley is said to understand the hidden connection between vibrations and hard cash :—but if so, Keeley vibrates only on one chord ; Hope : " Exhaust " vibrates on two ;—Hope and Fear : and Fear is a whole octave in itself.

And when the recovery does come, (all of which is paid into *his* hands,) and which you never see, and an account of which he don't deign to render, he will with the swagger and air of a freebooter say to you " how much of this do you want ? "—and although you are absolutely over two thousand dollars out of pocket on account of his " draw ; " Court expenses ; stenographer's notes ; printing the case ; (two or three times over on account of appeals,) he makes you feel yourself lucky to get the six hundred he hands you as though it were a favor !—

It is very easy for people who have never seen the elephant to give advice, or say " why don't you take your case out of his hands ?" You can't : he has a lien on it until paid ; and what chance has a strapped client to raise the money to meet such a bill as such a lawyer can cipher up ?—with the chances, too, of being able to tell the court (if you take him there) of the piles of work he has done ; and the years he has been at it : and the Law that made all these long years by its delays,—*gives him the recovery for his pay !* Why shouldn't he be able to "*Exhaust*" the Estate ?—why should'nt he be able to " EXHAUST " his client ?—

SUCH IS LAW ! !

NOTE 2.

" *Through every crevice of the Night.*"—Sir Isaac Newton is said to have remarked with reference to the porosity of matter, that our globe might be compressed into the size of a walnut.—Under this view, *space* is the only *continuous* element even in the most solid body ; such as gold or ivory for example. To the eye of an infinitesimal intelligence living within such a solid and upon one of its floating atoms, it would be a universe ; just as to us appears the great universe we live in.—Hence the idea is not an absurd one that our universe considered as a whole, if viewed from the outside, as we can look at ivory or gold, would appear as a solid : its interstellar spaces being in truth crevices of the night !—

NOTE 3.

Reincarnation.—*Re*-incarnation implies a previous *Incarnation*:—which again implies a pre-existent spirit, or spirit-man.

The objection to the doctrine, is, that we have no memory of any such former existence.

The answer to this objection, is, that memory of past life would defeat the purpose of the new one.—Habit is second nature, and habit rests on memory.—Memories are grooves:—it is easy to run in grooves:—old memories to the new life would be what frozen ruts and ridges are to muddy roads:—hard on the wagon-wheels, and a straight course over them, well nigh impossible.

A clean slate for a new sum: a smooth track for a fresh start:—and a new Incarnation with no memory of the Past, are consistent and harmonious propositions.

It is the memories of past indulgences that incite to a renewal of them.—The glutton, the drunkard, the debauchee, and the sensualist of every grade, witness to this. The experience of all workers in the fields of Moral Reforms confirm it; and none better than they know that childhood is the season for forming character.—Froebel and his "kindergartens" tell, and emphasize the story.

Re-incarnation *with* memory, would be the "old sinner:"—

Re-incarnation *without* memory,—the plastic, artless, sinless child.

Re-incarnation assumes that the original personality, or spirit-man continues in each, through all the incarnations:—that his identity is not lost: not miraculously changed into a *quality* or "nature," as an integral part of the animal or beast-man.

This forces the conclusion that man is a *dual* being:—*composite*:—not "compound:"—not the evolutionized anthropomorphous ape with a moral nature, of materialistic science; but an actual spirit-man:—an entity spiritually conjoined with the animal or beast-man.—

In support of this hypothesis let us consider the brain of man and what it discloses.—Phrenology tells us that the brain of man contains a duplicate of every organ existing in the brain of all the other animals.—These

organs, grouped and located in contiguity one with the other, form the entire lower part or "basilar region" of his brain,—and represent the animal or beast-man.—Immediately above and resting upon this beast brain, are the organs of the "Moral Sentiments" with the higher reasoning faculties that belong to them; and which taken collectively stand for and represent the Spirit-man.

The juxtaposition of these two brain-layers of correlated organs, is such, that a cleavage, practically horizontal, that should lift and remove the higher without destroying life or impairing the lower, (could surgery perform the feat) would leave as a result of the operation, an animal complete with organs and functions, perfect for all the purposes of animal existence; a counterpart, if not the actual "anthropomorphous ape," pictured by evolution at the brink of that imaginary gulf, in which by disappearing, "The Missing Link" separated his unfortunate ancestors forever from the glory and renown of an unpremeditated alliance with the race of man.

Now then comes the question;—if this beast-brain in the beast-man constitutes him a *perfect animal*—why a further brain?—A *perfect* animal can't be perfected!—

What is a perfect animal?—ANS. One competent to maintain life during its allotted period of existence on earth, and to reproduce its kind.—The precise thing the beast-man can do, all by himself,—without any help from the spirit-man—(otherwise "the moral nature"):—proof of which is seen in the whole animal creation outside of man; and in man's own ancestor, the ape himself, if evolution be true,—for this creature, older than man or he couldn't be his ancestor,—and without any moral top on his head—has managed to keep abreast of his distinguished relation right down the stream of time from before the flood—(thanks to Noah and his ark)—and is here to-day frisky and fresh, harmless and "good"—and as full of frolic and enjoyment as he was in the hour when God first made him.

What then is the use,—what is the meaning,—the significance of the moral top or spirit-brain of man?

The reply to this, according to the prevalent view of man's nature,—is;—"to produce a higher grade creature; superior to all others morally and intellectually."—

Well,—what are *the facts?*—In comparison to the others, is man superior morally?—Not what "he might, could or should" be—but *is he?*

Mr. Darwin is as frank, conscientious, and honest, as he is learned, scientific, and critically observant—and we will first hear him:—here is what he says:—"For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper; or from that old baboon, who, descending from the mountains carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs,—as from a savage who delights to torment his enemies;—offers up bloody sacrifices,—practices infanticide without remorse,—treats his wives like slaves,—knows no decency,—and is haunted by the grossest superstitions." (*Descent of Man*, Vol. II. p. 387.)

Mr. Darwin's picture is from savage life,—but how much better is Civilization?—Not the scant patches of moral verdure scattered here and there,—but the wide and blasted moral prairies of man's history? What is their testimony? Civilized and savage: pagan and christian?

There is but one answer;—there has never been but one;—viz: man is *the only* depraved creature on the planet; all the others are to-day as they were made when God pronounced them "good"—"very good."

The superior layer of brain-organs, then, has not in the way of morals added to the anthropomorphous man anything to be proud of:—he might better have remained the ape God made him at the start.—

So much for the "morally":—now for the "intellectually."—Has the top layer of added brain-organs made the ape or beast-man a superior animal intellectually?—If by this is meant, to know more about good and evil and how to do them—especially the evil,—the answer is, yes!—Before the change he was a harmless beast;—inoffensive and comparatively happy; going evenly along upon the lines of instinct; never destroying life in pure wantonness,—nor for "sport":—too low in the scale to invent: couldn't contrive instruments of torture,—the wheel, the rack, and the thumb-screw;—knew nothing about Inquisitions, or burning "heretics;"—utterly irreligious;—never exterminated tribes, peoples and nations either for or against "idolatry:"—or ever attempted to force faith down throats by cutting off heads;—nor increased the "Glory of God" by rapine, lust, loot and slaughters:—and so low and debasedly ignorant and undeveloped as to never conceive the idea, much less practice the ennobling arts of "*Vivisection*" to glorify Science and for the good of the race!—gunpowder, —Gatling-guns,—shells,—bombs,—dynamite and nitro-glycerine; torpedoes,

torpedo-boats and iron-clads on the waters; forts and belching flame-pits on the land, with poised magazines of vengeance floating in the air above doomed cities—all these once beyond the intellect of the poor low-in-the-scale anthropomorphous ape;—quite beyond his feeble brain power:—he had to become evolutionized and "elevated morally and intellectually" to get up to these things!—to be able to understand so as to "manipulate stocks" and "corner" corn and other food supplies and necessaries of life for the million, creating by artificial modes and means starvation for peoples and nations, with disease and direful maladies a consequential train of woes to the world!—no, the original ape-man hadn't enough intellect for all this: he didn't know how to interfere with and prevent the operation of Nature's beneficent laws!—Yes the added brain has made the animal intellectually stronger—"God-like" or *fiend-like* rather,—a monster—a demon,—for he has through its instrumentality so ravaged the fair face of Nature that man's primeval paradise has become a very Hell!—

This is what the added brain has done for the ape:—was this the design?

If the prevailing view of man be correct; if the added brain was for the purpose of making a higher-grade, a superior animal:—if man is an animal with a moral nature; then his creation is a failure.

If man is really a *single* Personality, then *he is* an animal with a moral nature; and if he be an animal with a moral nature, the doctrine of evolution is sound: moral nature *a thing—or quality* of growth and development, ending by the laws of Nature, with the life in which it originates, and "*death is an eternal sleep!*"

But the hypothesis of man's double personality and spiritual origin need not conflict with that of evolution—when evolution does not transcend the limitations of its own logic.

Mr. Darwin admits with much candor that "the greatest difficulty which presents itself when we are driven to the above conclusion on the origin of man"—(that man is descended from a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears: vol. 2, p. 372-3)—"is the high standard of intellectual power and moral disposition which he has attained."—

And on p. 374 in respect to "the higher intellectual powers of man such as those of ratiocination, abstraction, self consciousness, &c.—Mr. D. says, "without considerable culture of the mind, both in the race and in the

science and facts of Gall :—the purpose being to determine the functions of the brain organs by their instinctive behavior under test conditions : in manner analagous to Bell's tests of medullary tracks of matter ; but with *hypnotism* as the instrument instead of the "scalpel."

The subject having been hypnotized, and all the organs of the brain put to sleep except *Worship* or "the Organ of Veneration" the individual, however naturally vulgar and profane,—on the instant, with a sudden spread solemnity and awe over the whole countenance, falls into a devout attitude, and with folded hands and face upturned, silently, with moving lips,—or audibly invokes the presence of the unseen God !—*

Why is this not a *God-pointer* in the brain, as true as the needle to the pole ?—Why is this not "the instinct of a God in the moral nature of man ?" and why as a scientific fact does it not shed light upon and account for worship of all kinds even when so low as that of the poor benighted African whose *fetich* is a fish-bone ?—

Proceeding in like manner with all the other organs of the brain, the function of each instinctively proclaims itself and the general correctness of Phrenology in locating organs and determining their purposes, is conclusively proven.

With hypnotism admitted, we may now reasonably expect that Science will concern herself with spirit-phenomena. The intelligence that from the corpse-like form responds to the questioning of the mesmerizer,—responding equally to his *unspoken* as to his audible words,—is the spirit-man : the being whose existence is in "*state*,"—as opposed to time and space : an illustration of which is the following :

At the time when Mesmerism was the furor, some fifty years ago, two young men in Glasgow were experimenting.—The subject of each, a young woman: named, respectively, say Eliza and Mary.—One day Eliza, being in the trance state did not, for some moments, make answer to a question put to her by the magnetizer ; and when asked why she had not done so, replied "*because I was talking to Mary !*"—Now Mary was off three miles away.—The mesmerizer was so astonished at this new phase in the marvels that he determined to test it as a fact, and therefore said to himself, "Now I won't say a word about this to Bill (the other magnetizer) when I see

* An experiment witnessed by me 50 years ago in N. Y. City : the magnetizer being the Rev. La Roy Sunderland, a retired Methodist clergyman, lecturing at that time on Mesmerism, and publisher of "The Magnet." The office of the paper was in "the Sun Building," cr. Nassau St. and Fulton.

him,—but just wait and see if he found the same thing with his Mary".—Sure enough the first thing Bill said on their meeting—"Oh, see here Gardner, I've got the funniest thing to tell you that was ever heard:" and then went on to repeat about his girl just what had happened to the other. Mary did not reply to question, giving as the reason that *she was talking to Eliza!* *

Unexplained, this story appears incredible; but simple in the light of a true theory of man. On the hypothesis of man's dual personality, we live a double life, at one and the same time; a spirit-life in the spirit world; and a beast life in the beast-world. The spirit-life is one of "*State:*" the beast-life is one of "*time*" *and* "*space.*"—State is the negation of time and space. Hence "God is everywhere"; for "God is a Spirit"—and "State" is spirit-existence. Man is "the image of God," because man, the real man, is a spirit, and as such, like God is in State; has spirit-existence.

In virtue of his spirit nature, man is endowed with one of the attributes of God; the power to negative time and space, by a simple change of state, controlled by his will. Thus Swedenborgh, among the other wonderful things in his writings, in saying that time and space do not exist in the spirit world, illustrates the statement by two spirits under a common impulse, who immediately see one another face to face; each by his will having produced a like state, or one common to both.

What happened then to Mary and Eliza in the story I have narrated, is this:—hypnotism had done for the spirits of these girls in part, what death does wholly for us all;—viz.: released the spirits from the fetters of the beast to the extent of enabling them *consciously* to respond to the spirit law of "*state*": they wanted at the moment to see and talk with one another, and happening to be in the freedom of spirits, their common wish produced a "state" common to both, and instantly they were face to face, the same as though disembodied and in the spirit world. By "disembodied," is of course meant the beast body or clay tabernacle; for spirit bodies exist in the spirit world just as really as beast bodies do in this.

The soul is the body of the spirit: the "spiritual body" spoken of by Paul. The spirit is the actual breath of God; or God-essence; "very God of very God:"—this is all the immortality man has: "God only hath im-

* This story I had from the lips of Mr. Gardner himself, one of the magnetizers. Mr. [illegible] in the year 1866 had a photographic gallery in Washington, D. C., and was a gentleman whose word no [illegible] who knew him would ever think of doubting. He is now deceased.

mortality;" never having had a beginning. A thing or creature has a beginning: and that which had a beginning is liable to have an end.

The man can die, and die eternally; his spirit cannot because it is the breath of God:—while this breath remains in man's soul, the soul lives; but when it goes back to God there is no more man left: he has gone out like an expired flame: he is dead *eternally*.

The scriptures of the New Testament are full of "eternal life,"—and "eternal death."—The mission of our "Lord, Christ,"—was to teach the true nature of man and how to gain eternal life.—He taught the spirit origin and nature of man in relation to "*state*." "Heaven is within you." "God is a spirit;"—"they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth."—"Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."—All this tells of "*state*," or one-ness with God.

THE TRUE "DESCENT OR ORIGIN OF MAN."

Man, the spirit, has no father but God. He is our Father by this consanguinity. Our birth place is the world where He is; the World of "*State*;" the spirit world: which also like the Natural, is under government of law.

The spirit-man as already said is composed of the soul-body and breath of God. Its immortality is this breath. "Eternal Life" means its continuance in the soul. The choice to retain or part with it, rests with the spirit-man; for God created His Image *in freedom*: without this he could not be "the Image of God."—

The man seen on earth under conditions of time and space is the composite man. Opinions of this man and judgments are liable to be erroneous when transferred to the spirit man: as when Mr. Darwin finds a "lowly *origin*" for him: the mistake of "Evolution:"—*beginning at the wrong end:—where man goes out!*

"The Descent of Man" is pictured by the animal creation in descending scale, to lower and to lowest form:—the steps,—the down-grade to "eternal death" as the spirit, intoxicated with the pleasures of beast sensuous life, sinks itself by gradations into lower and still lower forms of animal

existence ; each successive incarnation of the down-grade carrying the soul nearer and nearer to its final doom—its last step "*protoplasm*"—and the next ANNIHILATION !

Incarnation means Temptation : and Temptation means

"THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."

It is not the beast-man that sins or does wrong : he is incapable of sinning ; and as beast, has no inclination to do otherwise than obey instinct ; instinct means law ; and obedience to law is obedience to God. The beast man is therefore "good"—"very good."—

The common idea as to man's "moral nature" being led into sin by his "*bad* fleshly nature"—is only true in the sense that something desired by the mind becomes temptation to it. The sight of Uriah's beautiful wife tempted King David and led him into a great crime : but the woman was good ; it was not her fault. Just so with the beast man. His animal passions like those of all other beasts are good within beast limitations.

Sin is conceived when the spirit-man, allured by the delights attending the functional use of the beast's organs, transfers them by imagination into the sphere of his own higher nature ; ("He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart :") upon which comes *his* perversion of the beast. Mankind are very fond of charging this upon God and the animal. With Adam it was—"the woman Thou gavest me," &c., and with Eve "the serpent beguiled me," &c. : but it is the spirit-man himself, and no other by whom the sin is committed. With him, and upon him alone rests the responsibility. What the spirit-man does is to first *imagine :* after this comes the act : the act may indeed be that of the beast-man, but the brain that conceives the crime is the spirit-brain : the act of the beast, is relatively, automatic.

All sin is in the will. Moral blindness is the spirit's own doing ; either in a present or past Incarnation. Souls are not inherited. A pedigree of souls is impossible. The soul comes from neither father, nor mother. It comes direct from the spheres.* I speak of the spirit-man.—"Heredity" concerns the beast-man only.

*I know this as a *fact;* for I myself was a witness to it: a lovely smiling infant girl, on her way down to her doom! and *I saw her enter her prison.* Eight months after this, (about) she was born into the earth life.

The relation of the spirit-man to the beast-man, may be compared to a float on the water. The float sinks itself into the beast nature, willfully, by rejection of the God-essence that alone has power to buoy it up. This process of expulsion of the God-essence from the soul continued through successive incarnations results at the last in *all-beast!* The Image of God entirely departed.

Darwin says disuse of organs leads to extinction: and instances the blind fishes in the Mammoth Cave, Ky. The faculties of the spirit-man are eyes: he is full of eyes: the organs of the Moral sentiments represent them: prominent among them the God-knowing Organ, or Veneration the instinct of which is worship, or putting the soul by prayer *en rapport* with God: and Faith (Marvelousness) giving implicit trust without reference to Reason: "Hope" and "Spirituality," or the living and dwelling in spirit life and the world to come organs.

In respect to all which mankind in the main resemble the blind fishes of the dark cavern where the eyes have all been blotted out.—The spirit-man has made them all over to the beast.—They no longer see *spiritually;*—blotted out so far as spirit sight is concerned.—This, at all events, is what the "many" in the "broad road" are doing: only the "few" in the "narrow way" who retain their spirit-sight.

The question still recurs—if the beast brain is all that is needed,—why the top layer; the organs of the Moral Sentiments, the spirit-man?—Why bring down the Image of God into this wretched world full of trials, sorrows and temptations? Why this world?—For the same reason that Gymnasiums exist:—Games where trials of strength take place:—"*training*" for "walking matches"—rowing practice for boat clubs.—Athletes are not made by "beating the air."—*Resistance* is the measure of strength. Perfection is the standard: nothing short of it. "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."—"Even as I have overcome and am set down on my Father's throne."—"He that *overcometh* shall inherit all things."—

Self-love clings to the delusion of Immortality with nothing better than a hope, even when the guide-board of the way upon which it travels has the staring words upon it,

"THIS IS THE WAY TO ETERNAL DEATH!"

To be able to accept the true doctrine of the soul, we must first get rid of the idea that God has any special liking or regard for the creature *man*, above any and all the others of His creation:—must get rid of the idea that his extinction, or the extinction of the whole human race would leave any void in Nature: that on account of it, either stars or suns would cease to shine.

Were human souls as thickly sown in the concave of the Spirit Firmament, as are the lamps of Night in the starry heavens,—they might all go out and not be missed, for the Source of all, and their existence would still remain; and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands more,—at His bidding would spring forth to flame anew,—spangles of life to sparkle on forever amid the warmth, the glory and the glinting of His ceaseless splendor,—of His everlasting rays!

NOTE 4.

"*Go it blind.*"—From a single bone, Science is able (theoretically) to construct a creature of the kind to which the bone belonged.—Mounds proclaim "mound-builders," and stone implements however rudely fashioned are evidence of "the stone-age" of man.

But no mechanical contrivance, however cleverly conceived and made discloses the moral nature or character of him who made it.—The steam engine tells us nothing of the moral character of James Watt:—the spinning jenny of Arkwright:—movable type of Faust and Guttenbergh:—nor the cotton-gin of Whitney.—The most beneficent invention may originate in the brain of a monster of iniquity, and the most deadly and destructive be contrived by the most humane of men.

That which is true of man and his works, is equally true of God. His character and moral attributes are not to be proven from either the chemistry or mechanics of constructive Nature. The Earl of Bridgwater erred when he supposed that "The goodness of God" could thus be demonstrated; and the competitors for his legacy were equally at fault. There is no more evidence in Nature—(the brain of man excepted)—of a good God, than of a bad one. It seems shocking to say so, but it is true;—only shocking, however, because man will insist upon knowing what he cannot possibly understand.

A little child heard shrieks of pain,—and peeping through a key-hole of the door to an operating room, saw sufferers strapped to tables;—saw cuttings and blood;—saw amputated limbs, cauterizations, and moxa tortures;—and as she listened to the moans and groaning,—to the sighs and shrieks, and sobbing,—her little heart was stirred to its depths with pity for the sufferers, and with horror and indignation at the cruel monsters who could be the authors of so much misery.

But the gap between the understanding of this little sensitive child and the higher and more mature mind capable of comprehending purpose is less than nothing compared to the chasm that separates man from God;—the finite from the Infinite!—

We shall know;—We shall comprehend;—We shall understand—only

when the task of the spirit is ended ;—when the cycles of its existence are complete ;—when its calm and rest shall have been found ;—its goal attained ;—its perturbations ended in the bosom of the all-pervading, universal-sea :—when one in Christ, we too, in him shall be "one with the Father ! "—Until then, it will be forever vain for man to ask God's reasons for any of His doings. Finite Reason must confine itself to finite things : the Infinites belong to God—and God to Faith.

The belief of Faith is one, and the belief of Reason is another. Reason is proud and knows.—Faith is humble and knows not.—Reason demands proof.—Faith "*goes it blind.*"—Reason walks in the light of evidence :—Faith in the light of trust.

Law is the instinct of Nature,—its solidarity—its perpetuity—its eternity.—The instincts of Nature, are the reasons of God.—The harmonies of Nature are the instincts of its spheres.—The earth by instinct whirling on its axis sweeps on forever in its orbit round the sun :—Sun-centres with their systems, each and all revolving, wheeling their tracks of glorious light eternal traverse forever the arches of the Night By instinct the needle trembles to the pole.—By instinct the beaver builds its dam.—By instinct geometrical the bee constructs its cells.—By instinct the rootlet in the dark and underground, athirst and seeking water, bends from its course to find a water that is *always* there.—The deductions of Reason fail ; the instincts of Nature, never !

Upon the instinct of the needle, the commerce of the world is staked ; the circumnavigation of the globe is made.—Punctual to their times the great lines of ocean steamers sail out from port with their precious freight of human life, never doubting of their course across the main.—And where and in what their trust ?—The unvarying attitude of a tiny bit of balanced metal that points, and ever trembles as it points, to the load-star of its attraction under the control of an influence, to the eye of man as invisible in its essence, as is the essence of the Invisible God.

The discovery of the Mariner's Compass dispelled the horrors of the deep—lifting from the world's wide waste of mighty waters the night of its uncertainty and gloom.—But from that ocean on which all must enter,—that dreaded voyage which each and all perforce must make *alone*,—what power shall lift away its night !—what power dispel the horrors of its vast uncharted main !—How shall man find the load-star of his moral heavens :—

how find the trembling needle of his spirit pointing instinctive to its Maker, God?—

The farther from Reason,—the nearer to instinct:—the nearer to Instinct the closer to nature:—the closer to Nature the nearer to law:—the nearer to Law the closer to God!—Worship is the instinct of a God; and the lower in the scale of intellectuality the worshipper is,—the more genuine the instinct, and by consequence the weightier the evidence.—The poor benighted African whose fetich is a fish-bone, is a better witness for God than the most civilized man.—That his God is on so low a plane, is because the God of every worshipper is a reflection upon his own plane of his own moral nature. It reflects only *so much* of the Image-God, *as is left in the soul!*—It manifests "the *descent* of man," alas! only too well.—The "savage who delights to torment his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves,—knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions," shows only *what is left—as fossils prove what was!*—

"The foot-prints of the Creator," are in the geologic rocks:—His finger-marks upon the human brain.—The page of Nature where God has recorded His Name, is the brain of man.—"The Fall," did not shatter God's mechanism.—Sin is in thought, purpose, and act; not in the organs created by God for thinking and acting; to say otherwise is to make God the Author of sin.

The instinct of God in a brain-organ whose function is worship,—proves a God.—Such is the organ of "*Veneration.*"

The instinct of philanthrophy or good-will to man, the song of the angels,—in a brain-organ whose function is kindness to all creatures, compassion, and tenderness, proves the goodness and benevolence of the Being in whose Image man was made—proving at the same time "descent" from God as to the personality of the spirit-man. Such is the organ of "*Benevolence.*"

The instinct of spirits and spiritual agencies and things, in connection with the instinct of God, in a brain-organ whose function is to accept on trust or "go it blind," proves the personality of the spirit-man and his relation to God,—the spirit world, and a life to come. Such is Faith, or the organ of "*Marvelousness.*"

The instinct of *the Future* in connection with the instinct of God,

spirits, and spiritual things, in a brain-organ whose function is to "look before"—proves *a life beyond the grave*: and such is the organ of "*Hope.*"

The instinct of inter-conscious creative thought, or the microcosmic faculty of the spirit-man in virtue of which the soul by its own volition becomes a theatre for tragedy or farce, with players on the stage:—becomes a heaven and sanctuary for worship,—or a lecherous hell of crime—and at all times a judgment seat and tribunal for the man himself—the instinct of all this in a brain-organ whose function is to thus spiritually create—proves spirit power, spirit existence, spirit world, and spirit-"*state*:"—and such is the brain region where "Ideality" and "Sublimity" are located; properly termed "Spirituality."—

A sentinel, or warning instinct of danger among the moral organs that compose the spirit-brain, in connection with organs whose instincts are of God and spirit life, proves the existence of spiritual dangers about the soul, that God is to be feared as well as trusted; that evil is to be feared and temptations shunned: proves that God has reinforced man's conscience by the ally of *Fear*:—such is the organ of "Cautiousness" in the spirit-brain.

In connection with an organ whose function is fear of doing wrong, the existence of an organ the functional instinct of which is a ceaseless prompting *to be just—to do right*—proves man's responsibility as an accountable being to God who made him, and the moral uprightness of the spirit-man that God originally created, confirming thus the truth of the Mosaic record that God created man in His own image.

It is thus seen that the cardinal doctrines of the Christian religion:—as well as the maxims of the purest philosophies, and the highest ethics—exist constitutionally in the functions of the material brain of the spirit-man.

In man's composite being we find however, the anomaly of a beast-man and a spirit-man, each organically "*good.*" The normal and instinctive play of the functions in both, perfectly "*good*:"—no sin *inchoate* in either.

What then is sin? How originated? Who was its creator? Ans.:—man himself is the creator both of Sin and Devils!—It must be borne in mind that over this whole planet one law prevails, viz.:—the restraint of beasts within the limits of their natural requirements for animal existence on the earth and reproduction of species: to which end the Divine Creator has

given to them *only so much intellectual power* as will suffice for these ends.

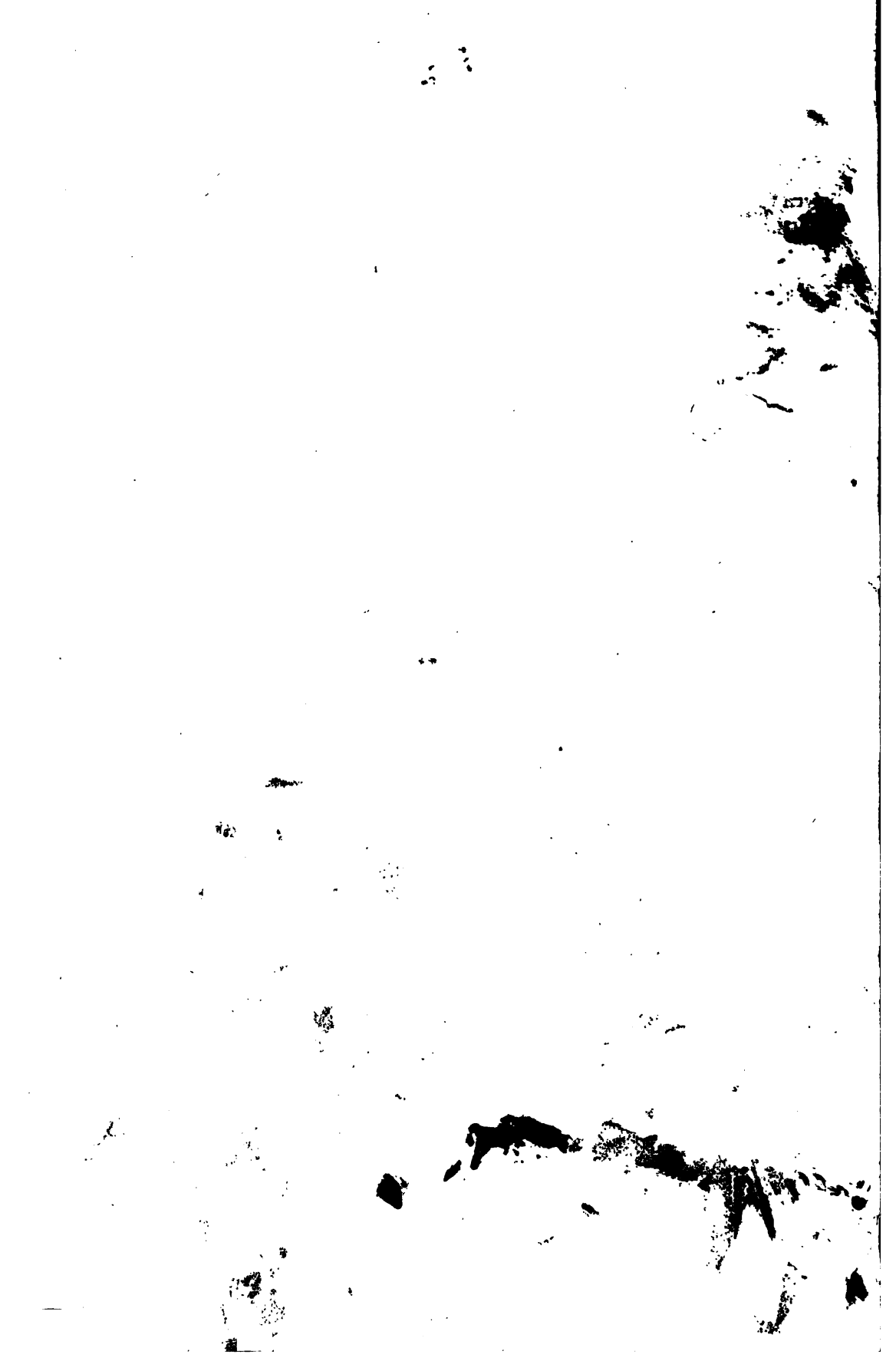
But suppose God had made one exception: suppose a tiger created with the intellect of man!—What sort of a creature would he be?—A devil!—clearly so. It requires no argument and no illustrations to set it forth. We see it at a glance.

Well, then; suppose the spirit-man, should, so to speak, let out the whole of the God-essence of his soul excepting only his intellect! what have we?—a human tiger with the intellect of a man!—

And these exactly are the creatures we do have! The round globe is covered thick with them. While on the earth and in form as men, they are savages, more or less civilized: but human tigers all the while: dead and in the spirit-world unable by reason of their "state" of grossness and wickedness to float upward and away from the earth which attracts them,—they hover about a torment and temptation to all mankind:—the devils of scripture;—of man's imagination and of his superstitions: formidable however, only to those who *invite them in!*—

Let no one be deceived: the Law of State is a barrier to devils and temptations; the "great gulf" which God the All-merciful and wise has fixed and made eternal. The rich man in hell had no power to pass this gulf: the gulf of "*State.*"—The spirit man who cherishes the God-essence of his soul creates a sphere or state for his in-dwelling that no devils can break through or get into. Devils come on invitation, and where they are made welcome!—

The spirit-man in himself has no lusts and no enticements to sin: for he is God's Image. The spirit brain fails to disclose a single organ made for wrong-doing. To do the wooings of his lusts and crimes he must by his will and microcosmic power introduce the minions of his lusts and passions in phantasmal form and fashion into the play-house and upon the boards of his own soul-theatre. "And he took unto himself seven other devils, worse than the first: and they entered in and dwelt there: and the last "*state*" of that man was worse than the first."—



IN CONCLUSION.

—The moods or mosaics that make up human existence are states of the s[illegible] wholly colored by the clouds and suns of one single mortal life; and th[illegible] absolute difference between human beings on the same plane is less probably than surface appearances indicate.—

—Difference in human character is the turn of a kaleidoscope; the colored fragments are the same, but the combination is changed.—

The extenuation sought for in the preface for the faultiness of some of my verses on the ground that they represent moods common to all, I now perceive to be but a flimsy excuse. The moods themselves should never have existed; and would not, had the views set forth in notes 3 and 4—(just written)—taken possession of me at the beginning instead of only at the close of a long life.—

That the Divine Creator in the mechanism of the spirit-man, should have fashioned it with an eye for introversion, by which in retrospect, the life on earth is scanned: with Memory, like a papyrus scroll unfolded and stretched out presenting to the spirit-eye the photographs of all our deeds, with phonotypic record of all our every thought and spoken word,—may be regarded as one of if not the most powerful of all arguments that can be advanced in favor of the doctrine of Reincarnation: for of what use the retrospect of life, if not to amend? And how amend without another "show?"—The spirit-world has no *mend*; being "*State*;"—or the condition of spirit; which is the condition of God: which is eternal and unchangeable.

Time and Space furnish the only conditions for change. Hence incarnation and reincarnation seem to be necessary, for the moral sense revolts at the doctrine of a span-length life with a contingent punishment for wrong-doing, that is eternal; for annihilation even, is eternal punishment.

The creation in man of a power to scan, weigh, and investigate himself: a judgment-seat within the soul, where Conscience and Reason try the

spirit-man by the aid of a Memory-record from which nothing is omitted—means amendment of life—or, at least a chance for amendment—and inasmuch as this, in the spirit-world, or world of State, is impossible,—it must take place in the natural, or world of time and space.

March, 1892. T. H.

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